UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US

The Musical Salvationist

VOLUME XXXII

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1910

D. Shepstone.
Cotton Exchange
Liverpool.
Sunshine 8.
I will extol Thee 34.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST

THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME

JANUARY to DECEMBER, 1918.

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All's well!

January 1918.

Words and air by JOHN OXENHAM.
Harmonized by LLOYD HARTLEY.

Moderato. M. ♩=88.

Key F.

mp m :- .m | m :m | r :l, | d :t, | *mf* d :- | r :- .m | m :- | - :-
s, :- .s, | s, :s, | l, :l, | s, :s, | m, :- | s, :- .s, | s, :- | - :-

1. Is the path - way dark and drea - ry? God's in His heaven!

d :- .d | d :d | f :f | m :r | d :- | t, :- .d | d :- | - :-
d :- .d | d :m, | f, :r, | s, :s, | l, :- | s, :- .d, | d, :- | - :-

mp cresc. m :- .m | f :s | l :l | s :m | *mf* d :- | r :- .d | d :- | - :-
d :- .d | d :d | d :t, | d :t, | l, :- | t, :- .d | d :- | - :-

Are you bro - ken, heart - sick, wea - ry? God's in His heaven!

s :- .s | f :m | f :f | s :s | m :- | f :- .m | m :- | - :-
d :- .t, | l, :s, | f, :r, | m, :s, | l, :- | s, :- .d | d :- | - :-

mp cresc. poco a poco
r :r | r .de :r | m :f | s :m | r :r | r .m :f .s | l :l | s :m
t, :t, | t, .le, :t, | d :t, | d :d | d :d | t, :d | d :t, | d :d

Drea - riest roads shall have an end - ing, Bro - ken hearts are for His mend - ing.

s :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | s :s | s :d' .t | l :f | s :s
s, :s, | s :f | m :r | m :d | s :s | s :l .s | f :r | m :d

f s :- | - :- | s :- | - :- | m :- | - :- | m :- | - :- | d :- | r :- | d :- | - :-
r :- | - :- | d :- | - :- | t, :- | - :- | l, :- | - :- | m, :- | f, :- | m, :- | - :-

All's well! All's well! All's well!

s :- | f :- | m :- | - :- | m :- | r :- | d :- | - :- | d :- | - :- | d :- | - :-
t, :- | - :- | d :- | - :- | se, :- | - :- | l, :- | - :- | l, :- | s, :- | d, :- | - :-

2.

Is the burden past your bearing?
God's in His heaven!
Hopeless?—Friendless?—No one caring?
God's in His heaven!
Burdens shared are light to carry,
Love shall come though long He tarry.
All's well! All's well! All's well!

3.

Is the light for ever failing?
God's in His heaven!
Is the faint heart ever quailing?
God's in His heaven!
God's strong arms are all around you,
In the dark He sought and found you.
All's well! All's well! All's well!

4.

Is the future black with sorrow?
God's in His heaven!
Do you dread each dark to-morrow?
God's in His heaven!
Nought can come without His knowing,
Come what may 'tis His bestowing.
All's well! All's well! All's well!

5.

Peace and heaven lie all about us.
God's in His heaven!
Peace within makes heaven without us.
God's in His heaven!
God's great love shall fail us never,
We are His, and His for ever.
All's well! All's well! All's well!

The Soloist's Page.

Peace be with thee!

Words by ADJUTANT A. ORSBORN. Music by HANDEL

Key F. Largo. M. ♩=69.

p legato

:s :- | - :- :- | - :m :r .,d | d :- :- | d :t, :l, .,s, | s, :- :-

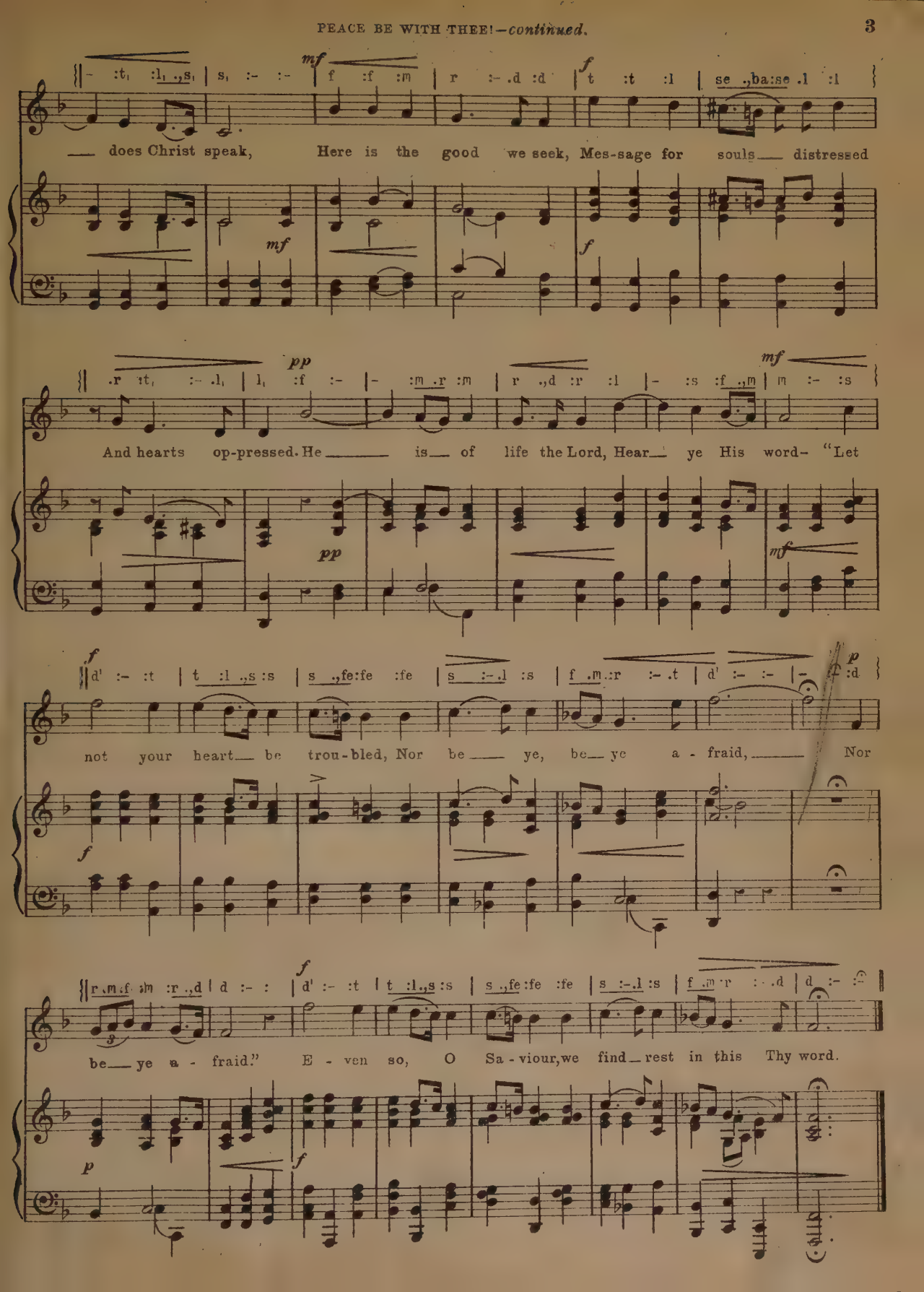
"Peace be with thee! Peace I give thee!

p

l, :t, :d .r .m | r :- .d :r | *mf* l :l :t | d' :- .s :s | *p* .l :f :- .m | m :- :d

Not as the world may give; Know that in Me ye live e - ter - nal - ly." Thus

mf *p*



does Christ speak, Here is the good we seek, Mes-sage for souls distressed

And hearts op-pressed. He is of life the Lord, Hear ye His word- "Let

not your heart be trou-bled, Nor be ye, be ye a - fraid, Nor

be ye a - fraid." E - ven so, O Sa - viour, we find rest in this Thy word.

The Bandsmen's Page.

There's nothing like Salvation!

Tenor Solo with Vocal or Organ accompaniment.

Words and air by COMMANDANT COLLER.

Allegro con spirito alla recitative.

Arranged for male voices by MAJOR F. G. HAWKES.

Key D.

1. One evening in my na - tive town I vis - it - ed the Ar - my; Strange rumours float-ed up and down, Which ru-mours did a - larm me. I thought I'd see these folks in red Ere passing con-dem - na - tion, For oft - en I had heard it said-"There's nothing like sal - va - tion!"
2. A man got up to speak who said:-"Thank God, I'm saved and so - ber; Thank God, that ev - er I was led, One eve-ning last Oc - to - ber, In - to this ve - ry hall, a slave To sin and de - gra - da - tion; I proved, tho' near a drunkard's grave, There's nothing like sal - va - tion!"
3. A lassie then a - rose, said she:-"For years in sin I wan-dered, With none to love or care for me, My health and vir - tue squan-dered; I came one night in - to this place, I heard the in - vi - ta - tion, And now I prove, by Je - sus' grace, There's nothing like sal - va - tion!"
4. As drunkards, swearers, rogues and swells, All gave u - ni - ted wit - ness That Je - sus sin and fear dis - pels, I felt my own un - fit - ness; And when at last the Cap-tain rose And gave the in - vi - ta - tion, I roused myself and said, 'here goes'! I sought and found sal - va - tion.

mf — *mp cresc. poco a poco* — *mf* — *f* — *ff*

TUTTI CHORUS. *a tempo* M. ♩ = 120.

For rich and poor, for young and old, Through-out the whole cre - a - tion, I ven - ture on this statement bold:- There's no - thing like sal - va - tion! There's no - thing like sal - va - tion! There's

mf cresc. e accel.

no - thing like sal - va - tion! There's nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
There's no - thing, no - thing,

ff *allargando*

no-thing, no-thing,
no - thing, no-thing! There's no - thing like sal - va - tion!

Prayer.

Words by W. Cowper. Old tune Job.

Moderato. M ♩=108.

mp

Key B♭.

1. What various hin-dranc - es we meet In com-ing to the mer - cy seat;
2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud with - draw, Prayer climbs the lad - der Ja - cob saw,
3. Restrain-ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Chris-tian's ar - mour bright,
4. Have we no words? ah! think a - gain; Words flow a - pace when we com - plain,
5. Were half the breath thus vain - ly spent To heaven in sup - pli - ca - tion sent,

mf

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wish-es to be of - ten there?
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings ev-'ry bless-ing from a - bove
And Sa-tan trem - bles when he sees The weakest saint up - on his knees.
And fill our fel - low - crea - ture's ear With the sad tale of all our care.
Our cheerful song would of - ten'r be, 'Hear what the Lord hath done for me!'

The Songsters' Section.

The conquering Legions of the Lord.

Words and air by BRIGADIER E. H. JOY.

Allegro con spirito. M. ♩=108.

Key C.

f *mf* *cresc.*

1. A mighty Ar - my, we march in bold ar - ray, O'er - all the re - gion of the earth, so
2. The hosts of Sa - tan shall strive 'gainst us in vain, While we o - bey the royal command, the
3. Yes, ev - 'ry na - tion our God as King shall own, And all the monarchs of the earth shall

f

long 'neath Sa-tan's sway; The conq'ring le - gions of Christ the Lord are we, O'er ev-'ry foe we gain the victo-
vic - t'ry we shall gain; Triumphant he - roes, we march from sin set free, While led by Him, who gives the victo-
wor - ship at His throne; Proclaim as Ru - ler o'er ev - 'ry land and sea, The Lord, who leads us forth to victo-

The en - e - my we have to fight is might - y, strong and brave, But
We'll ne - ver cease the fight - ing till the bat - tle we have won, And
The na - tions who know nought of God, shall hail Him as their King, And

mf *cresc.*

- ry, vic - to - ry. The foe we have to fight is might - y, strong and brave, But
- ry, vic - to - ry. We'll ne'er cease fight - ing till the bat - tle we have won, Till
- ry, vic - to - ry. The na - tions then shall hail Him, hail Him as their King, And

Christ the Lord our Cap - tain is
till in glo - ry we have heard
mil - lions, long by sin down - trod

f

Christ, our Cap - tain is the Might - y One to save; No foe shall hin - der, we
we in glo - ry hear the Mas - ter's glad, "well done;" So we'll march on - ward with
mil - lions long down - trod Je - ho - vah's praise shall sing; In one grand an - them we

hin - der, march with
on with flash - ing
an - them raise our

f

march with one ac-cord, For we're the conq'ring le-gions of the Lord, of the Lord.
flash-ing, beaming sword, For we're the conq'ring le-gions of the Lord, of the Lord.
raise our joy-ous word, For we're the conq'ring le-gions of the Lord, of the Lord.
} With shouts of

one ac - cord,
beam - ing sword,
joy - ous word,

conq'ring legions come, Father's on-ly Son; *cresc.*

joy the conq'-ring, the conq'ring legions come, Led on by Christ the Fa - ther's, the Father's on-ly Son; The hosts of

ff *f*

Sa-tan flee when they our Lead-er see, As on we march to cer-tain vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry. The love of

glad to all will tell, *cresc.* storm the gates of hell; *ff*

Christ we glad, yes, we glad to all will tell, As on we march to storm, to storm the gates of hell; All Satan's

host de-feat-ing, See them fast re-treat-ing from the conq'-ring legions of the Lord, of the Lord.

Sunshine.

A Unison Song.

Words and music by DEPUTY B. M. R. NUTTALL. (Blackpool)

Allegro moderato. M. ♩. = 60.

Key C.

mf *mp* *rall.*

mp Meno mosso. M. ♩ = 120.

legato.

1. God is our light and God is our sun - shine Light - ing our
2. Some - times we're tempt - ed, oft - en grow wea - ry, 'Tis for the
3. So on we'll go till life's work is o - ver, Trust - ing in

mp colla parte.

d' :s :d' | t :- :l | s :d :f | m :r :- | m :f :s

path - way from day un - to day; In Him we trust when
sun - shine at such times we pray; Then thro' the dark His
Je - sus who guides us a - right; Till up in hea'vn we

mf

l :s :d' | l :t :d' | r' :- :- | d' :r' :d' | t :- :l

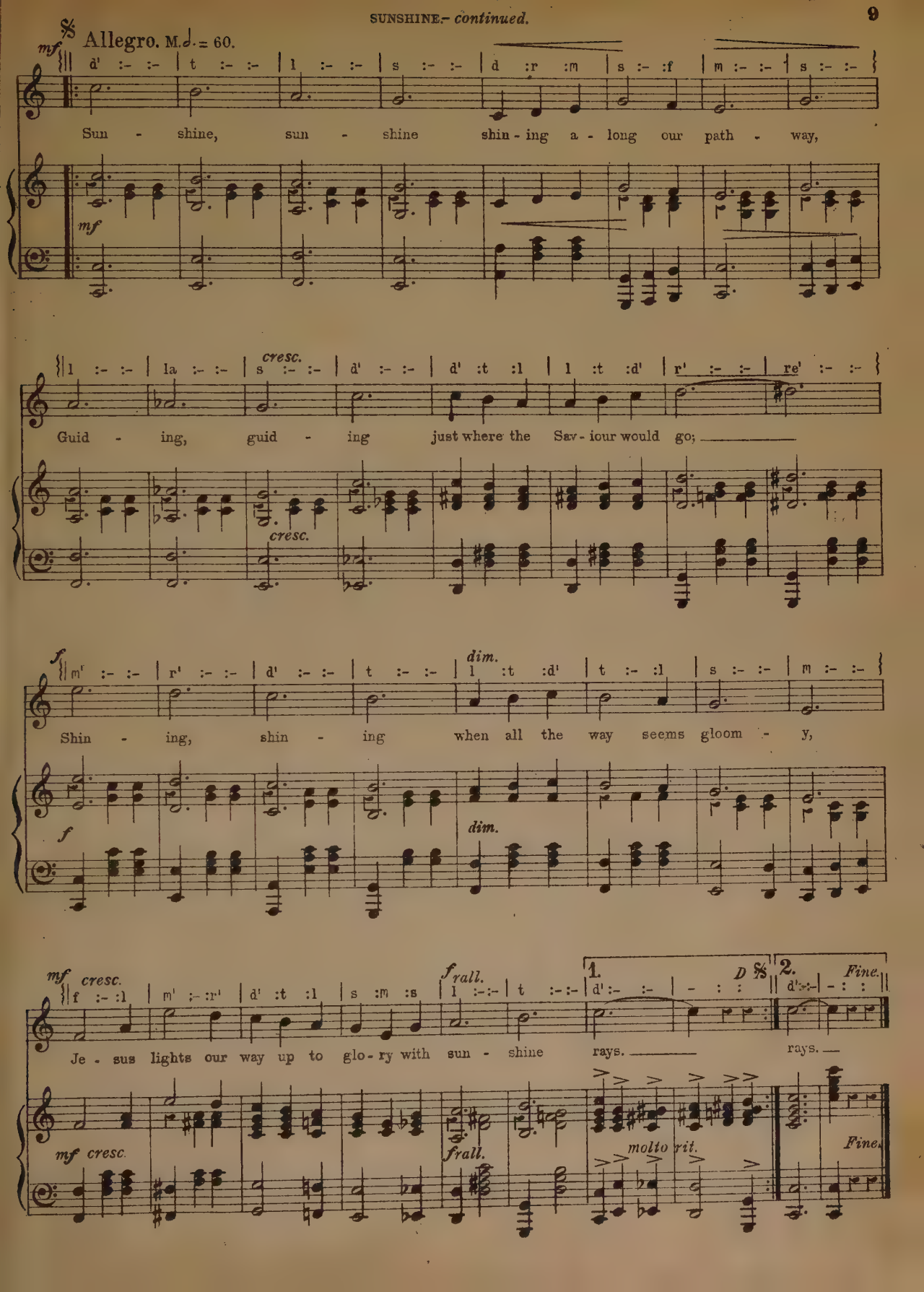
all else seems drea - ry, For with His sun - shine He bright - ens our way.
bright rays come beam - ing, Turn - ing our dark - ness and fears all a - way.
taste His full glo - ry, Sing - ing of sun - shine 'mid glo - ri - ous light.

rall. cresc. *ad lib.*

l :t :d' | r' :t : | r :m :fe | s :l :t | d' :t :d' | r' :- :-

rall. cresc. *colla voce.*

Ped. * Ped. *


Allegro. M. ♩. = 60.
Sun - shine, sun - shine shin - ing a - long our path - way,
Guid - ing, guid - ing just where the Sav - iour would go;
Shin - ing, shin - ing when all the way seems gloom - y,
Je - sus lights our way up to glo - ry with sun - shine rays.
rays.

There's a Light in the Valley.

Words and music by P. P. Bliss.

Andante. M. ♩= 60.

mp DUET.

Key C.

1 Thro' the val-ley of the sha-dow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor-dan roll; But the
2 Now the rol-ling of the bil-lows I can hear, As they beat on the rock-bound shore; But the

p Tutti.

prom-ise of my Sav-iour will, I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E-ven
bea-con-light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe-ly o'er. I shall

cresc. *mf*

now, down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my, Sav-iour say, "Fol-low Me!" And with
find down the val-ley no a-larms, For my Sav-iour's blessed smile I can see; He will

Him I'm not a-fraid to cross the tide: There's a light in the val-ley for me.
bear me in His lov-ing, might-y arms: There's a light in the val-ley for me.

CHORUS.

p *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*

There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a

mf cresc.

light in the val - ley for me, for me; And no e - vil will I fear While my

rall.

Shep - herd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

Abide with us!

Words by BRIGADIER A. HADDEN. Air by STAFF-CAPTAIN C. REES.

Andante con espress. M. ♩= 60.

mp

1. A - bide with us, O Lord, we pray, From ear - ly
2. A - bide with us, and safe are we From all a -
3. A - bide with us, and let us feel Thy pres - ence

mp cresc. *mf* D.t.

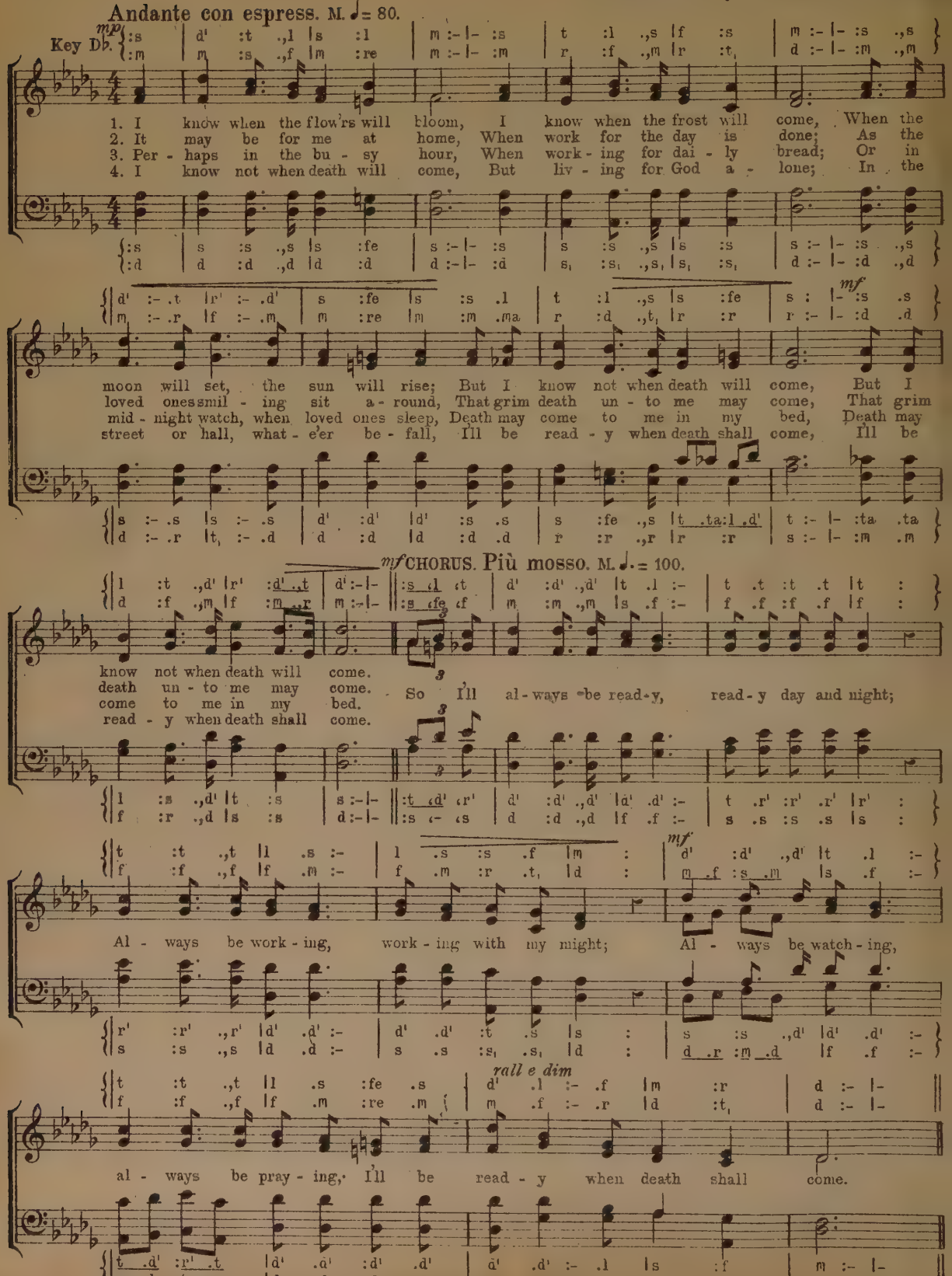
dawn, Till dark-ness ends the day: A - bide with us thro' shades of night, Un - til a -
-larms, And from all fear set free: A - bide with us and keep from sin, For we are
near, And then, come woe or weal: A - bide with us and we are blest, For e - ver

f.G. *mp dim.e rall.*

- gain re - turns the morn - ing light. A - bide with us, A - bide with us.
kept if Thou dost dwell with - in. A - bide with us, A - bide with us.
in Thy love's e - ter - nal rest. A - bide with us, A - bide with us.

Always ready.

Words and air by ADJUTANT R. J. DIGGES.



Shadowing Wings.

Words and music by ENOCH KENT.

Andante sostenuto. M. ♩=84.

Key E♭.

1. Be - neath the sha - dow of His wings There is a re - fuge all com-plete; When
2. Be - neath the sha - dow of His wings, To feel His pre - sence brings re - lease From
3. Be - neath the sha - dow of His wings, Se - cure from fear and anx - ious care; My
4. Be - neath the sha - dow of His wings, To hear the whis - per of His love; Un-

sor - row comes, to heal its stings, I have a bless - ed sweet re - treat.
doubt, and, lo! the joy - bell rings The sweet - est mu - sic, love and peace.
Lord al - lows what - e'er life brings To mould me to His im - age there.
- til with joy my glad heart sings The song that an - gels sing a - bove.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩=92.

Beneath the sha - dow of His wings I'll bide, In joy or sor - row what-e'er may be - tide;

Through all life's jour - ney I will there a - bide, Be - neath the sha - dow of His wings.

The Women Songsters' Page.

Woe unto us.

(LAMENTATIONS. V. 16.)

Music by BRIGADIER K. OSTBY.

Mesto. M. ♩=56.

Key C.

Woe un - to us, we have sin-ned! For this our heart is faint; For these things our eyes are dim!

Let us re - turn, re - turn un - to Thee, Let us re - turn, re - turn un - to Thee, Let us re - turn, re - turn un - to Thee, Let us re - turn, re - turn un - to Thee, And may we, and may we come home a - gain.

Più mosso. M. ♩=72.

Thus saith the Lord, thus saith the Lord. Thus saith the Lord, the Lord.

Andante con espress. (ISAIAH. XLIV. 22.)

SOLO.

As a thick cloud have I blot-ted out thy trans-gres-sions, And as a

(HUM.)

cloud, as a cloud thy sins, blot - ted them out. Oh, re-turn un - to Me, Oh, re-

Oh, re - turn,

-turn un - to Me, Oh, re - turn un - to Me, Oh, re - turn un - to Me,

Oh, re - turn, Oh, re - turn, Oh, re - turn, For

I have re-deemèd thee, For I have re-deemed thee, For I have re - deem - èd thee, Oh, re-

(SOLO.)

Oh, re - turn, Oh, re - turn.

-turn un-to Me, Oh, re - turn un-to Me, For I have re - deem-èd thee, For I have re-

-deem-èd thee, Oh, re-turn un-to Me, Oh, re - turn un - to Me, Oh, re-turn un - to Me.

The Songsters' Section.

O be Joyful.

Music by HAYDN.

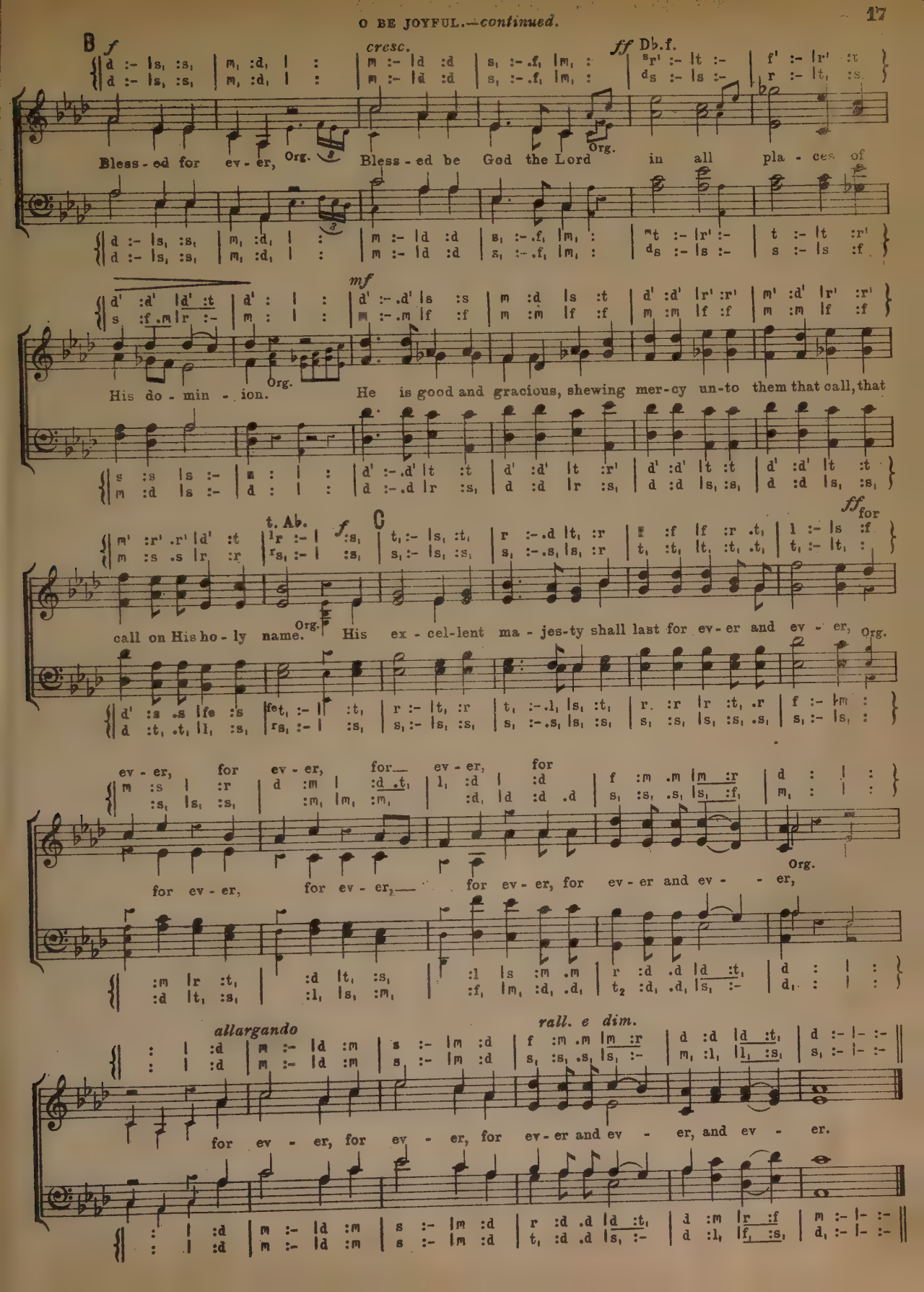
Allegro con spirito. M. ♩=116.

Key A♭.

O be joy-ful! Sing and re-joice be-fore the Lord, Sing and re-joice be-fore the Lord, give thanks, give thanks un-to Him that reigneth for ev-er, For His mer-cy reach-eth un-to the heav'ns and His faith-ful-ness un-to the clouds. faith-ful-ness reach-eth un-to the clouds, un-to the clouds.

A

Thou, O Lord, dost sit a-bove the heavens, Thou commandest the wa-ters, and Thou ru-lest the ra-ging of the sea. O let not my foes, let not my foes triumph o-ver me.


B
f
cresc.
ff D♭.f.
Bless-ed for ev-er,
Org.
Bless-ed be God the Lord in all pla-ces of
mf
His do-min-ion.
He is good and gracious, shewing mer-cy un-to them that call, that
t. A♭.
f
C
ff for
call on His ho-ly name.
His ex-cel-lent ma-jes-ty shall last for ev-er and ev-er,
ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er, for
for ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er and ev-er,
allargando
rall. e dim.
for ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er and ev-er, and ev-er.

Coming to be Cleansed.

Words and air by A. E. Hodson.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 88.

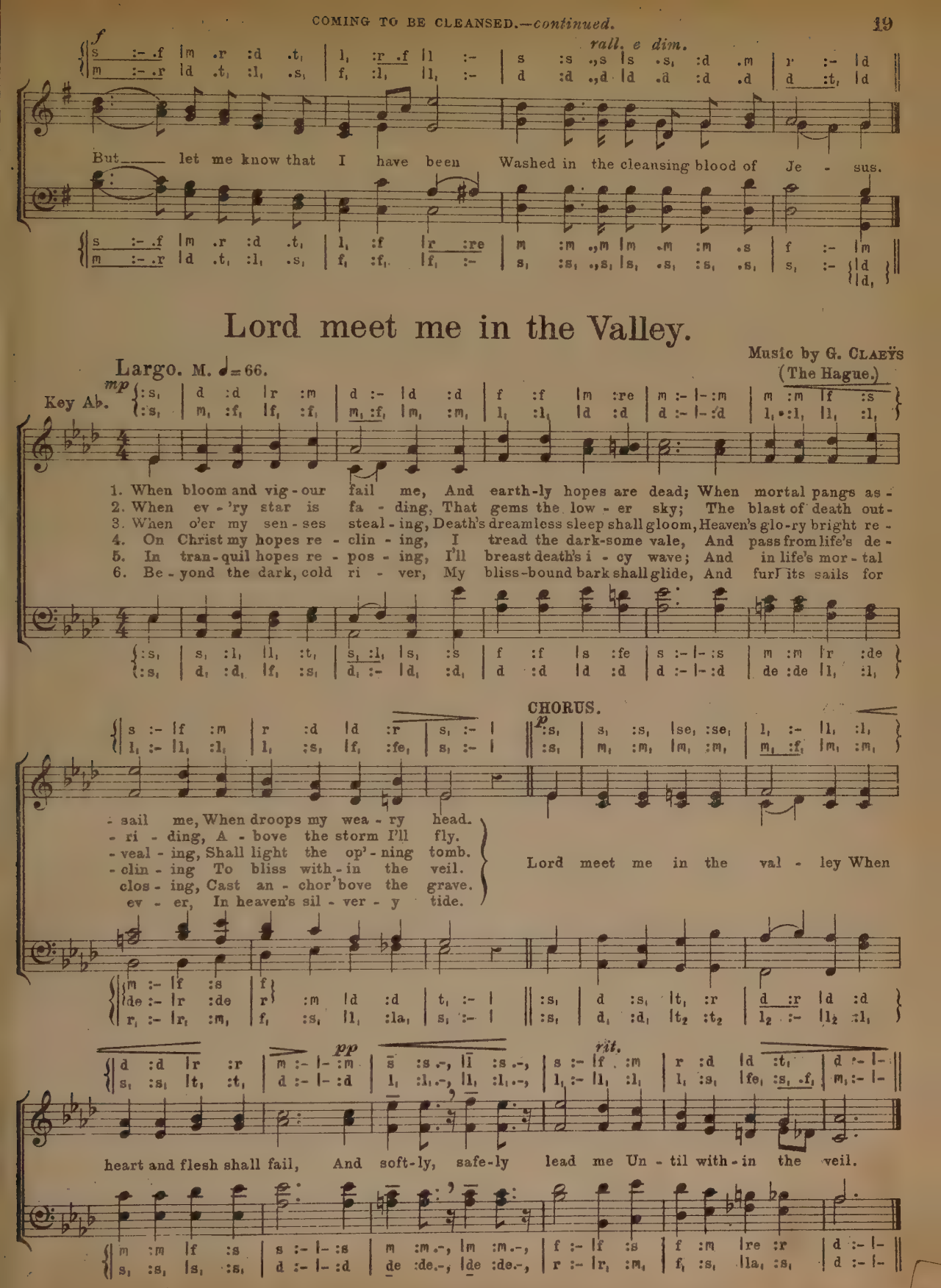
Key G.

1. Oh, Lord, my heart is full of sin, My pride as - serts it - self with - in, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus;
2. My friends would stop me in my plea, My foes sur - round the path to Thee, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus;
3. From all the fail - ures of the past From doubts and fears I free - dom ask, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus;

The temp-ter tries with ma - ny schemes, My dark - ened past a bar - rier seems, All world - ly plea - sures are but dreams, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus.
Let so - call'd friends their wis - dom show, 'Tis God who speaks, I feel, I know, The Saviour's blood makes white as snow, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus.
Oh, seal me with Thy Ho - ly flame, Bid me pro - claim Thy pre - cious name, Thy life in me re - veal the same, I've come to be cleansed by Je - sus.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 100.

My Lord, I'm com-ing to be clean, Let not one spot of sin be seen;



Lord meet me in the Valley.

Music by G. CLAEŸS (The Hague.)

Largo. M. ♩=66.

Key Ab.

1. When bloom and vig-our fail me, And earth-ly hopes are dead; When mortal pangs as-
2. When ev-'ry star is fa-ding, That gems the low-er sky; The blast of death out-
3. When o'er my sen-ses steal-ing, Death's dreamless sleep shall gloom, Heaven's glo-ry bright re-
4. On Christ my hopes re-clin-ing, I tread the dark-some vale, And pass from life's de-
5. In tran-quil hopes re-pos-ing, I'll breast death's i-cy wave; And in life's mor-tal
6. Be-yond the dark, cold ri-ver, My bliss-bound bark shall glide, And furl its sails for

CHORUS.

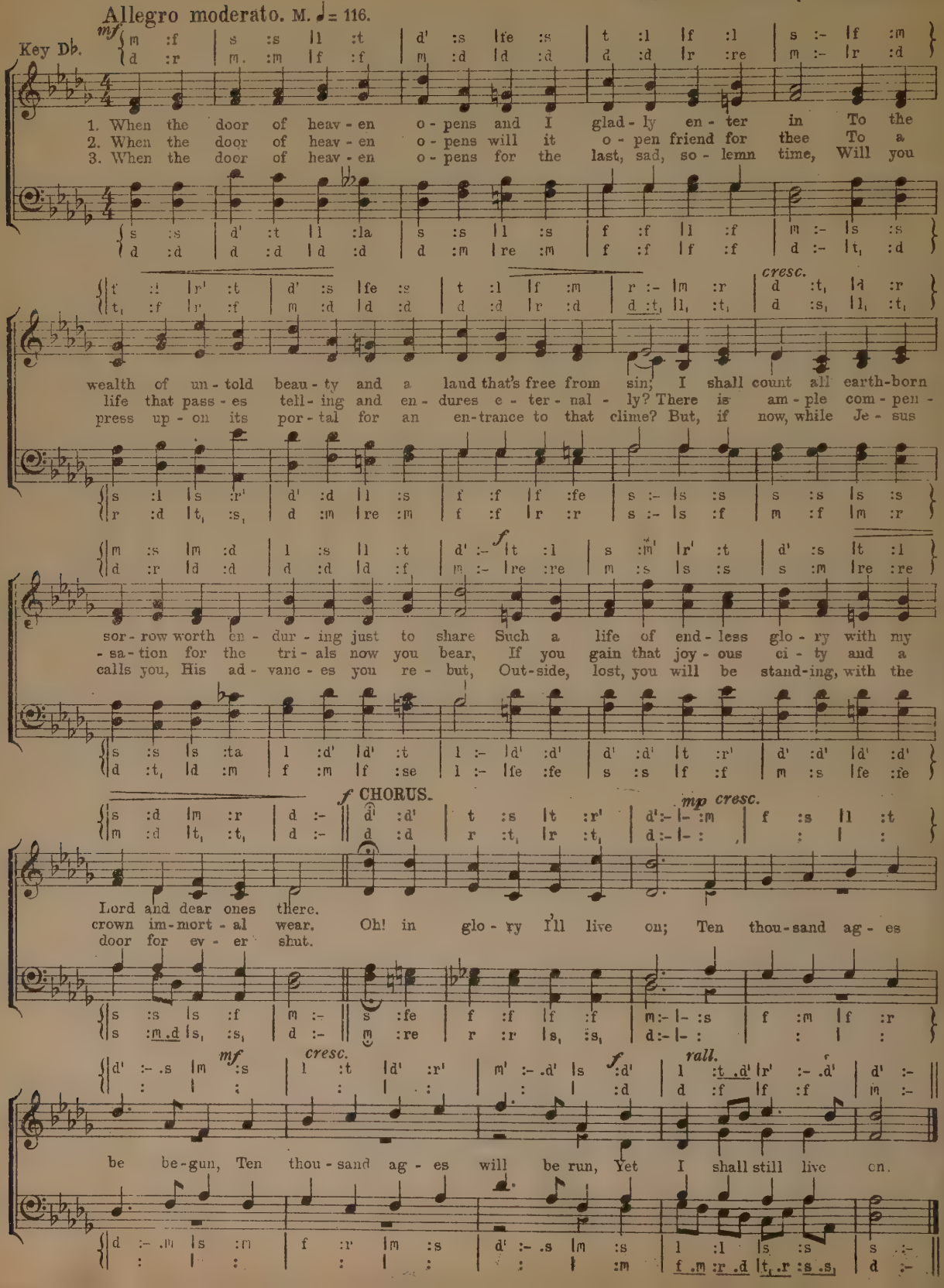
-sail me, When droops my wea-ry head.
-ri-ding, A-bove the storm I'll fly.
-veal-ing, Shall light the op'-ning tomb.
-clin-ing To bliss with-in the veil.
clos-ing, Cast an-chor'bove the grave.
ev-er, In heaven's sil-ver-y tide.

Lord meet me in the val-ley When

heart and flesh shall fail, And soft-ly, safe-ly lead me Un-til with-in the veil.

When the Door of Heaven opens.

Words and music by A.W. Howard.



Remember me.

Words by WATTS. Music by ADJT. W. BROUGHTON. (Chicago)

Moderato. M. ♩ = 66.

Key E.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Did He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for sins that I have done, He suf-fer'd on the tree? A-maz-ing pi-ty, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the mighty Mak-er died For man the creature's sin.
4. Dear Sav-iour, I can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, remember me, Oh, Lord, remember me, remember me; Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans, And then remember me, remember me.

A happy Experience.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 96. Words and air by H. CRADDOCK.

Key B♭.

1. Years a-go I was a sin-ner, Captive, bound with chains of sin, of sin; Je-sus came and did de-liv-er, So now I'm
2. Now I live for Christ my Sav-iour, Day by day His will to do, to do; Oh, how I en-joy His fa-vour, It makes me
3. Now, poor sin-ner, He is wait-ing, Waiting still thy soul to free, to free; Come at once, not hes-it-a-ting And be made

CHORUS.

hap-py all the time. I am hap-py, I am hap-py, For He took a-way those sins of

mine, of mine; I am hap-py, I am hap-py, I am hap-py all the time, all the time.

The Voice of Jesus.

Words and air by DEP. B. M. CARTER. (Ware)

Andante. M. ♩ = 69.

Key Ab.

1. Do you hear the voice of Je - sus, Speak-ing sweet - ly now to thee Of His free and full sal -
2. Ma - ny times to you He's spok - en, But, a - las! 'twas all in vain; You have turn'd in - to some
3. Sin-ner, heed the voice of Je - sus, Give, oh, give your heart to Him; He'll for - give your past trans-

CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩ = 48.

- va - tion, Which He bought on Cal - va - ry?
bye-way, That has lead to sin and shame. Heed the voice of Je - sus, And at His cross now
- gressions, Cleanse your heart and keep it clean.

rall e dim.

bow, now bow; Though you oft have spurned His love, He will par - don you just now.

Blessings from the Cross.

Words and air by ADJT. W. D. PENNICK. (Ceylon)

Moderato. M. ♩ = 66.

Key G.

1. 'Ere the world's found-a-tion was, Je - sus un-der-took my cause; Tho'He reign'd in majesty, Yet was seal'd that He should be
2. Think of all His grief and pain! 'Twas for my e - ter-nal gain! Justice sat - is - fied we see, That be-fore God I might be
3. See the trav - ail of His soul! Cru - ci - fied to make me whole! Broken, bleeding, torn was He, That for ev - er I might be
4. Now I own Him Lord and King, Strength and time and talent bring; He was cru - ci - fied for me, That in hea-ven I might be

allargando

Cru - ci - fied, cru - ci - fied; Torn and bleed-ing was His side; Thus for us He bled and died; Je - sus was cru - ci-fied.
Jus - ti - fied, jus - ti - fied; Plung'd be-neath the crim-son tide Flow-ing from my Saviour's side, I may be jus-ti-fied.
Sanc - ti - fied, sanc - ti - fied; From all sin and self and pride, Cleansed to fight on Je - sus side, I may be sanc-ti-fied.
Glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied; With the souls for whom He died, Stand-ing by my Saviour's side, I shall be glo-ri-fied.

Why not come now?

Words and air by SONGSTER E. REEVE. (Thetford)

Allegretto. M. ♩= 132.

Key F.

1. The Sav-iour is stand-ing and call-ing to thee, "All ye heav-y la-den ones, come un- to Me;" Oh, bring all thy
2. You've heard of God's love, how He sent His dear Son To die on the Cross that your soul might be won; You've heard of the

sor-row and bring all thy sin, Oh, come to the fountain, come now and plunge in. He's call'd thee for years, but thou'rt
pain that He bore, all for you, And o-pen'd Heav'n's gate that we all might pass thro'. T'en-joy all the glo-ries pre-

farther a- way, And soon there is com-ing the great judgment day; How long will ye tra-vel on sin's rug-ged way?
-par'd for us there, And meet with our lov'd ones who're free from all care, In that blessed ci- ty where all is so fair,

CHORUS. Meno mosso. M. ♩= 104.

Why not come now? Why not come now? Why not come now? Why not come now? Why not come now? Why not come now? Why not come now, poor sin - ner? Thy chan-ces are pass-ing a -

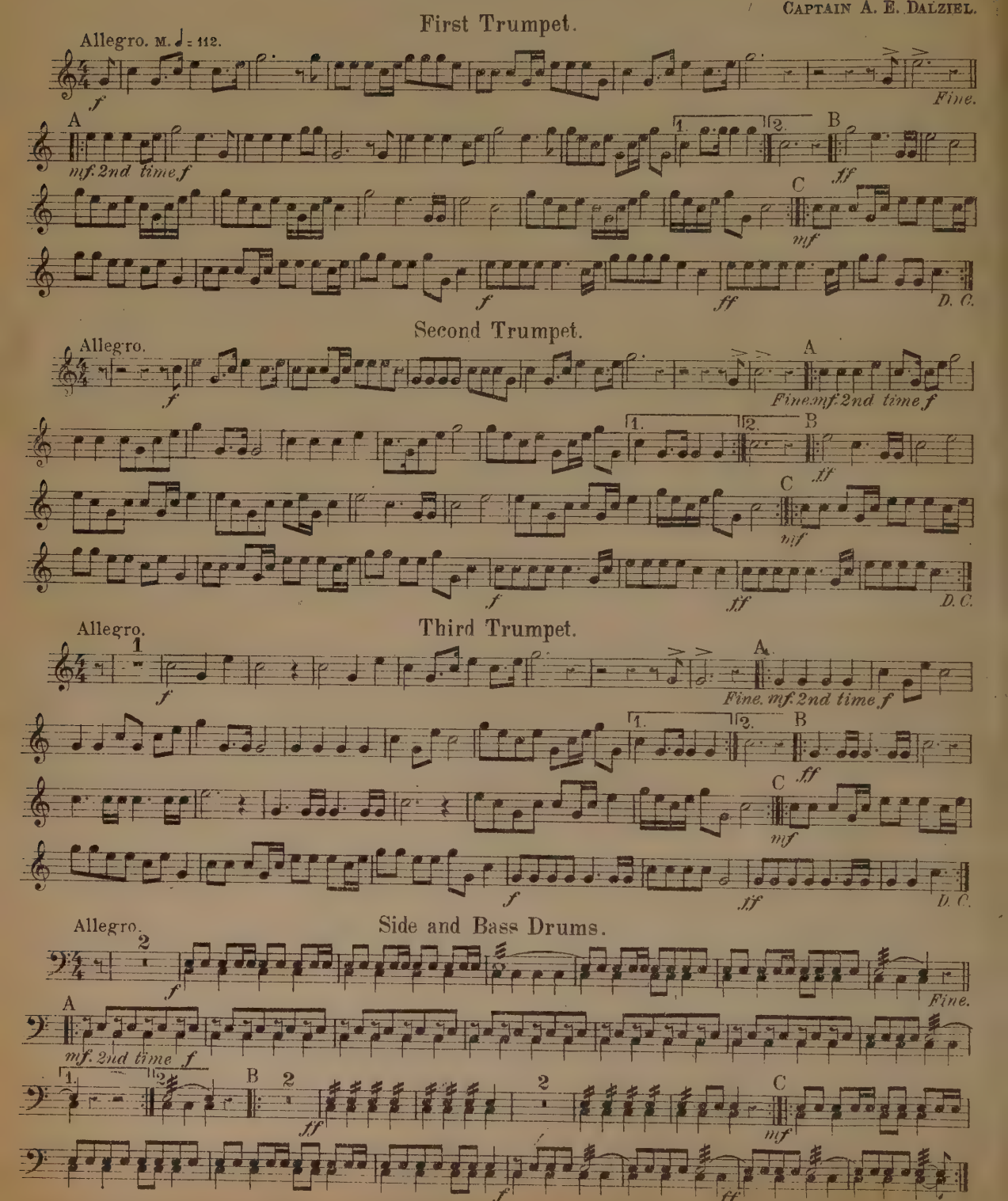
- way, a-way; Christ will make thee free, Then hap - py thou shalt be, So why not come now? why not come now?

The Instrumentalist's Page.

March:- Comrades.

For Trumpet or Bugle Bands.

CAPTAIN A. E. DALZIEL.



Boundless Love.

Moderato. M. ♩=60.

Music by ADJT. ARCHIE BURGESS.

Key G. *mf* s.d.f. B♭. *cresc.*

1. Be - hold what love, what boundless love, The Fa-ther hath be - stowed On sin-ners lost, that
2. No long-er far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh! "Ac - cept-ed in the
3. What we in glo-ry soon shall be, "It doth not yet ap - pear;" But when our pre-cious
4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be, More like our ris - en

f G.t.m.l. *ff* CHORUS. Con spirito. M. ♩=72. *f*

we might be Now call'd "the sons of God, of God."
Well-be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie, we lie.
Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear, shall bear.
glo-rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see, shall see.

Be-hold! be-hold! be - hold what

s.d.f. B♭. G.t.m.l. *cresc.*

man-ner of love, what man-ner of love the Fa - ther hath be - stow-ed up-on us, that

f cresc.

we, that we should be call-ed, that we, that we should be call-ed, that we should be

ff the sons of God.

call-ed the sons, be call'd the sons of God, the sons of God.

the sons of God.

The Soloist's Page.

God our Defender.

Words by Miss Amy Paris. Music by Bandsman H. R. Hall. (Nunhead.)

Allegro. M. ♩ = 116.

p leggiero *fz*

Key F. *rit.* *mp* Moderato. ♩ = 72.

1. When life is lone-ly and storm - clouds are near;
2. When you are sing-ing for joys that are sweet;

sempre legato *p ritard. molto* *colla voce*

cresc. *f* *mp cresc. poco a poco*

When night seems on - ly to bring your heart fear; Then in your trou-ble just
When life seems bring-ing great gifts to your feet; Then in your hap-piness just

cresc. *f* *mp cresc. poco a poco*

f rit.

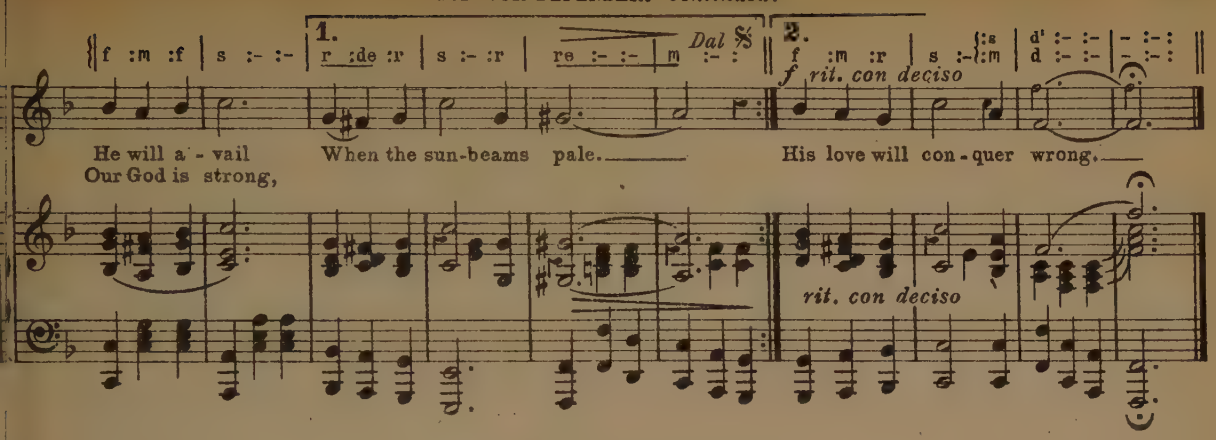
look up a - bove, God, who looks down on all, will guide in His love.
look up a - bove, God, who will always bless, will crown with His love.

f rit.

CHORUS. *mf* Allegretto. M. ♩. = 52.

So then re-mem - ber God our de-fend - er, He will not fail,
Strug - gle on bright - ly, Treat - ing care light - ly, Just car-ry on,

mf *cresc.* *f*



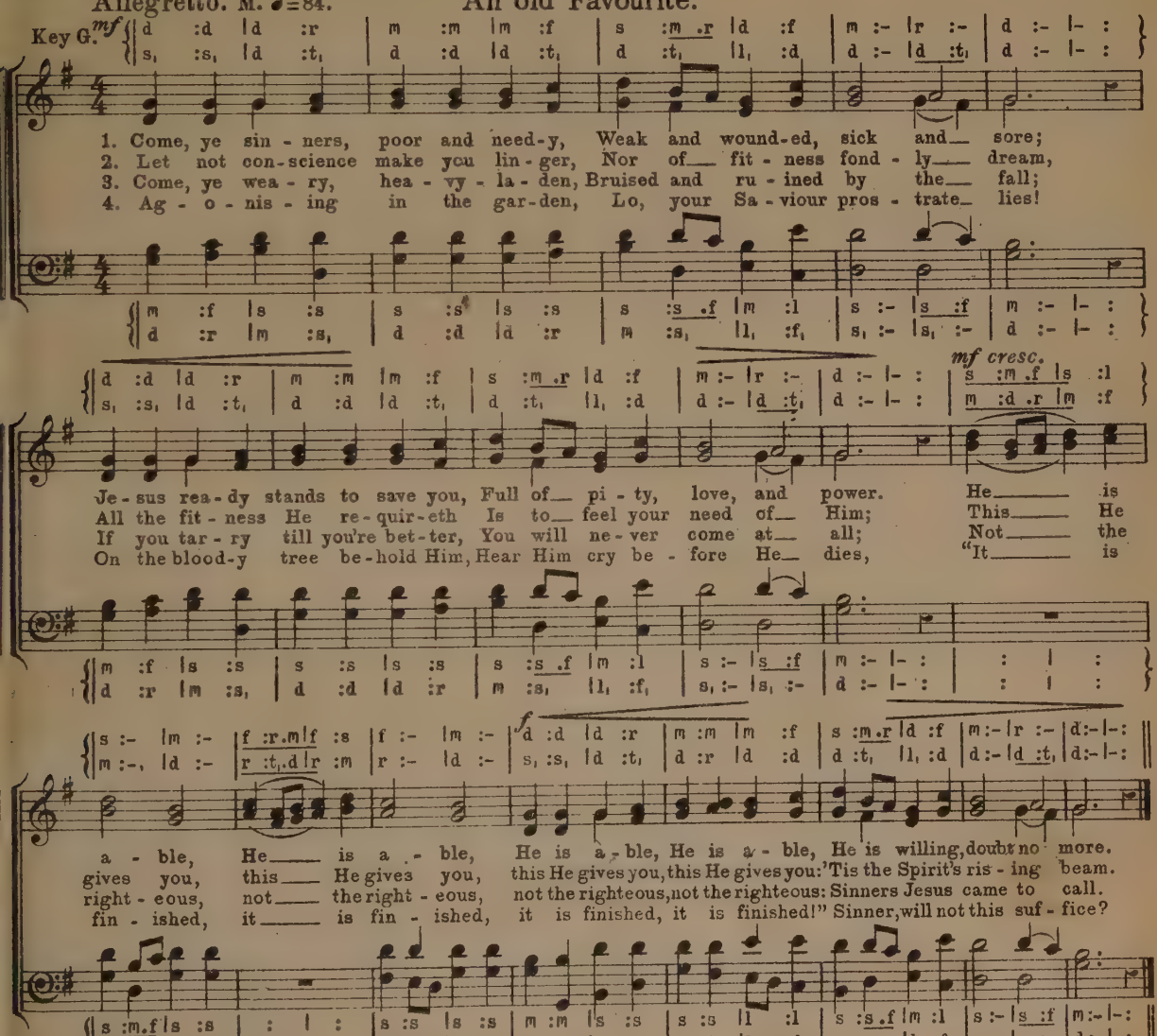
Words by J. HART.

Doubt no more.

Allegretto. M. ♩=84.

An old Favourite.

Key G.



The Bandsmen's Page.

A "Nice" Song.

Allegro moderato. M. ♩=84.

Words and air by A. E. Hodson. (New Zealand.)

Key F. *mf*

Hm — peo-ple say are nice, — Hm

1. There are ma - ny things which peo-ple say are nice, In this world, if you will on - ly pay the
2. Oh, 'tis beau - ti - ful to know that you are sure That your ma - ny sins are pardon'd ev - er-
3. What a treat's in store for us if we're but true, When the world assembles at the great Re-

Hm — peo-ple say are nice, — Hm

on - ly pay the price, *cresc.* *f*

price, But the best of all is the Sa-viour's call To a man - sion bright and
- more, That you can give thanks in the Ar-my's ranks For the power of Je - sus
- view, As each soul shall pass, and not judged in mass, For the Lord to look up -

on - ly pay the price,

mf Hm — comes to dim the eye, — Hm

fair, bright and fair; Where no sor - row ev-er comes to dim the eye, Where the righteous ones will ne-ver know a
Blood, Jesus Blood! There are some, perhaps, who'll try to raise a laugh, Seek-ing to be - fool us with a bit of
- on, look up - on. Ev - 'ry art or motive then will be unfurl'd, In - to hell the wicked from Him will be

Hm — comes to dim the eye, — Hm

ne - ver know a sigh, *cresc.* *f*

sigh, Where there are no dead, where no tears are shed, Oh, I'm glad I've got a home up there.
chaff, But the sol - dier true well knows how to woo Sin-ners to the precious Lamb of God.
hurl'd, When the lamp still burns, oh, for mer-cy turn, For no sinner Heaven's bliss can share.

ne - ver know a sigh,

CHORUS.

f *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

Oh, 'tis nice to know that you are saved, Oh, 'tis nice to prove the cleansing wave; Oh, 'tis nice, wher-

are saved, cleansing wave;

f cresc. *ff*

-ev-er you may go, To know that Je-sus' blood can keep you white as snow. white as snow, as white as snow.

Just over the River.

Moderato. M. ♩= 84.

Key B♭. *mf*

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where all is bright, No sick - ness, no
2. There flow - ers ne'er fade, nor chill winds a - rise, Nor clouds dim the
3. No earth - ills are found, no sin - stains ap - pear, The joy of that
4. O Je - sus, my Lord, be with me at last, And guide me safe

cresc. *dim.*

pain, no sor - row, no night; There hap - pi - ness dwells, and joy reigns for
ra-diance of glo - ry - lit skies; No night-sha - dows fall, but the light shin - eth
realm is they en - ter not there; Oh, the bliss and the rest that re - main-eth for
o'er-then all dan - ger is past; My soul shall a - dore Thee for ev - er and

mp cresc. *f rall.*

ev - er, In that beau - ti - ful land, in that beau - ti - ful land, just o-ver the ri-ver.
ev - er, In that beau - ti - ful land, in that beau - ti - ful land, just o-ver the ri-ver.
ev - er, In that beau - ti - ful land, in that beau - ti - ful land, just o-ver the ri-ver.
ev - er, When I find my-self there, when I find my-self there, just o-ver the ri-ver.

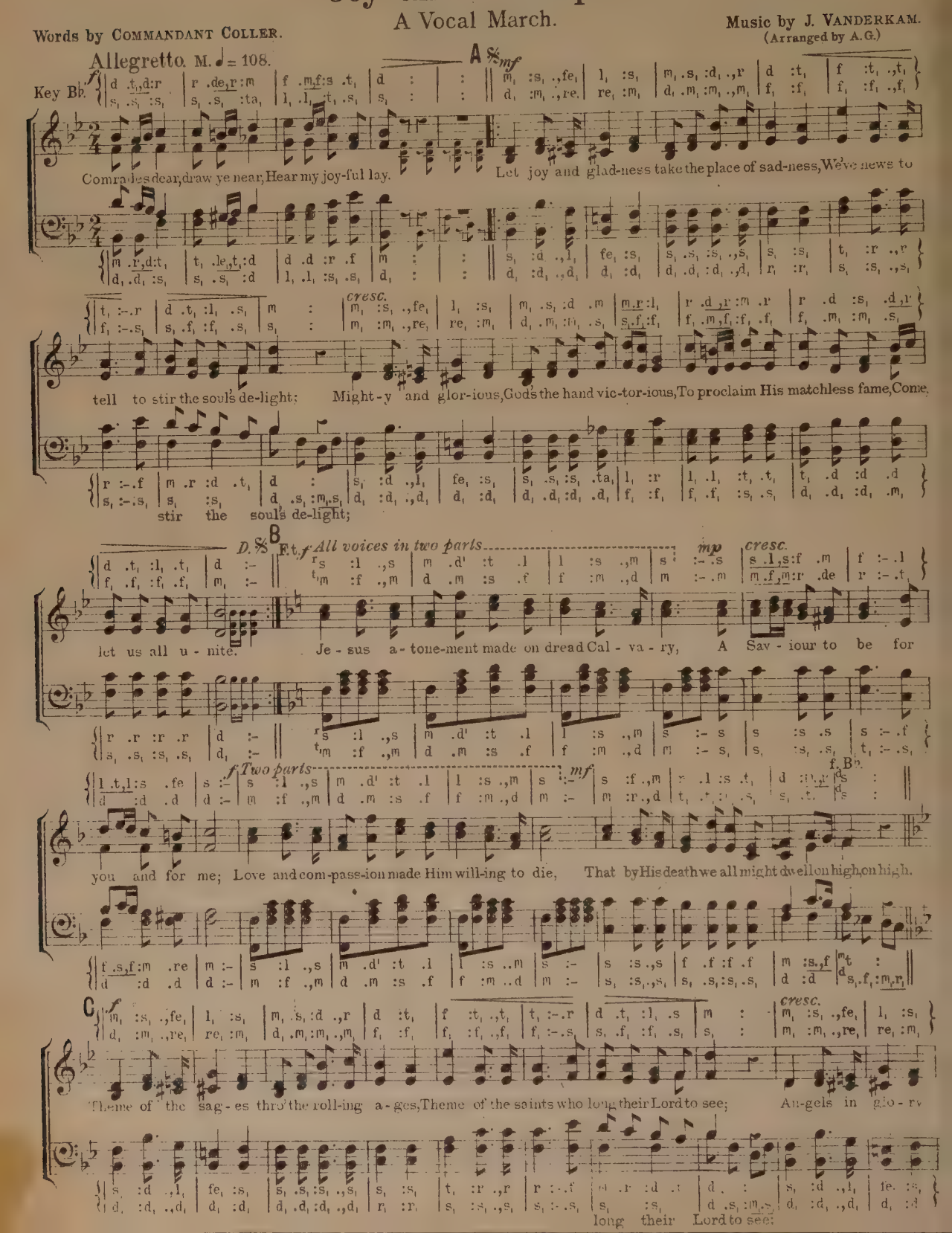
The Songsters' Section.

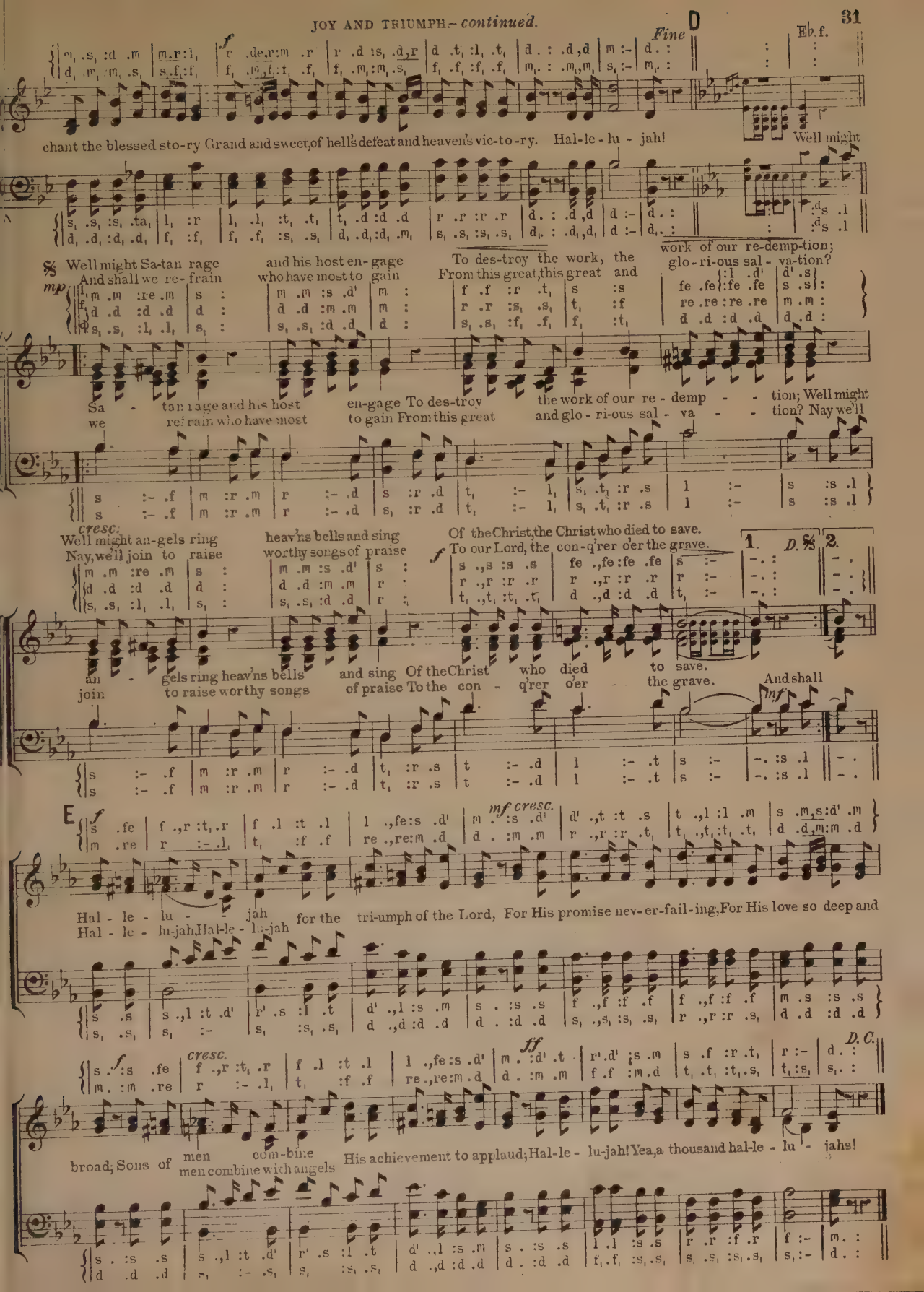
Joy and Triumph.

A Vocal March.

Words by COMMANDANT COLLER.

Music by J. VANDERKAM.
(Arranged by A. G.)




D
Fine
Eb f.
chant the blessed sto-ry Grand and sweet, of hell's defeat and heaven's vic-to-ry. Hal-le-lu-jah!
Well might
Well might Sa-tan rage and his host en-gage To des-troy the work, the glo-ri-ous sal-va-tion?
And shall we re-frain who have most to gain From this great, this great and work of our re-demp-tion;
Sa-tan rage and his host en-gage To des-troy the work of our re-demp-tion; Well might
we re-frain who have most to gain From this great and glo-ri-ous sal-va-tion? Nay we'll
cresc.
Well might an-gels ring heav'ns bells and sing Of the Christ, the Christ who died to save.
Nay, we'll join to raise worthy songs of praise To our Lord, the con-q'rer o'er the grave.
D. S.
1.
2.
an-gels ring heav'ns bells and sing Of the Christ who died to save.
join to raise worthy songs of praise To the con-q'rer o'er the grave.
And shall
E
Hal-le-lu-jah for the tri-umph of the Lord, For His promise nev-er-fail-ing, For His love so deep and
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah
cresc.
D. C.
broad; Sons of men com-bine His achievement to applaud; Hal-le-lu-jah! Yea, a thousand hal-le-lu-jahs!
men combine with angels

The waves are rolling in.

Moderato con espress. M. ♩=72.

Key E♭.

1. Oft have you turn'd a-side From love's pure ocean wide, For fear of entering in; The bil-lows at your feet His
2. This o-cean brings release From strife-a perfect peace, Which nought on earth can change; Tho' walking all a-lone, To
3. And when you've prov'd each wave Has pow'r to cleanse and save, You'll want the world to know, For oth-ers then you'll live, A

lov-ing words re-peat, "Cut loose from shore, Doubt Me no more, And I'll cleanse you from your sin!"
hu-man help un-known, Yet leave the strand, He'll hold your hand, And He'll make you pure within.
sol-dier's service give, Each cross to bear, Each toil to share, That the lost ones you may win.

CHORUS. Poco più mosso. M. ♩=80.

The waves are roll-ing in, The waves that cleanse from sin; They come to o-ver-flow my soul, my soul, They come with pow'r to make me whole, make me whole; I'll
The waves are roll-ing in, The waves that cleanse from sin; They come to o-ver-flow my soul, They come with pow'r to make me whole; I'll

rall. e dim.

shrink not back to doubt or sin, For the waves are roll-ing in.
shrink not back to doubt and sin,

Jesus will be there.

Andante. M. ♩=72. Words and music by CAPT. S. E. COX. (Canada).

Key G. *mp*

1. We shall tread a si - lent val - ley, At the end - ing of life's day; When the sun is slow - ly
2. Tho' the way be dark and lone - ly, And the sha - dows thick - ly fall; Tho' our hearts should faint with -
3. When our feet have cross'd the ri - ver, When we reach our home at last, When the dark-ness has de -

sink-ing, And the sha - dows play; Will there be no friend to com-fort? One who will the darkness share? Oh, what
- in us, And our fears ap - pal; There is One Who walks be-side us, One Who will the bur-den share; Oh, what
- part - ed, Jor-dan's bil - lows past; We shall reach the Fa-ther's mansions, All their won-drous glo-ry share; But the

cresc. *mf*

f rall. e dim. *f* CHORUS. Moderato. M. ♩=84.

joy to those who know Him, know Him, Je - sus will be there.
joy to those who know Him, know Him, Je - sus will be there. Oh, what joy to know that Je-sus will be
joy a - bove all oth - ers, oth - ers, Je - sus will be there.

Oh, what joy to know that

mf

there, will be there, Oh, what joy to know that Je - sus will be there; Just to

Je - sus will be there, Oh, what joy to know that Je - sus will be there;

poco rit. *mf*

know He will not fail when I come to death's dark vale, Oh, what joy to know that Je - sus will be there.

Are you ready for the Homeland?

Moderato con espress. M. ♩=76. Words and music by OLIVER M. COOKE. (Lewisham).

Key A♭. *mp*

1. There's a land to which we journey just a - cross the crys-tal sea, Where the saints of God are rest-ing, la-bour o'er, la-bour o'er; When the win-ter's chill-ing blast and the storms of life are past, There'll be joy and peace in heaven for ev - er - more, ev - er-more. 'Tis the hap - py land of E - den, where the fields are ev-er green, And the flowers in their beauty bloom for aye; Bless-ed Homeland bright and fair, 'twill be always summer there, And the night can nev-er take the place of day.

2. To the sun-lit realms of glo - ry sin and sor-row can-not come, The re-deem'd of God can on - ly en-ter there, en - ter there, Those who've washed their garments clean, pure and white in Calvary's stream, Shall the won-ders of that heaven-ly ci - ty share, ci - ty share. No more twi-light sha-dows yon-der, sun - set there will be un-known, Clear and cloudless will forever be the sky; Won-drous land! be-yond com-pare are the joys a-wait-ing there, And the pleasures to partake of can - not die. Are you rea-dy for the Homeland? Can you

3. There'll be mu - sic, sweet, har-mo-nious, such as earth has nev - er heard, And those love - ly courts will ring with happy song, hap-py song, Praise to Him Who once was slain, in one loud tri - um-phant strain, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty we will the sound pro - long, sound pro-long. No more sick-ness in the Homeland, nought to mar the - ter-nal peace, Grace and love of God will be a bound-less store; Land of beau - ty, wondrous fair, loved ones gone before are there, Now their songs of welcome e-cho from the shore.

cresc. *mf* *dim.* *poco più animato* *mf* *dim.* *mf* *f* *dim. e rall.* *mf* CHORUS.

mf

read your ti - tle clear To the man-sions that are wait-ing o - ver there, o - ver there? Are you

poco rall.e dim.

liv-ing right for dying? Do you know your sins forgiven? Are you rea-dy in the joys of heaven to share, to share?

Words by C. WESLEY.

Jesus! Lover of my soul.

Music by S. B. MARSH.

Moderato. M. ♩=108.

Key F.

D. S. Fine.

1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

2.
Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to wash away my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

The Young People's Page.

Our Friend in Jesus.

Words by H. CRADDOCK. Music by BANDSMAN J. H. GRAY.

Allegretto. M. ♩=84.

Key B♭.

1. We've a Friend in Je-sus, oh, so good and kind, We've His help in trouble, so we do not mind;
2. Ev-'ry hour He leads us, Friend both kind and true, Dark may be our pathway, yet He'll bring us through;
3. We are going to serve Him as the days go by, Then at last He'll take us to His home on high;
4. Sin-ner, He is wait-ing now to set you free, Heed the in-vi-ta-tion and you'll hap-py be;

And with hearts u-nit-ed, Joy-ful-ly we'll sing, Je-sus is the chil-dren's Friend, children's Friend.
So with hearts u-nit-ed, Joy-ful-ly we'll sing, Je-sus is the chil-dren's Friend, children's Friend.
So with hearts u-nit-ed, Joy-ful-ly we'll sing, Je-sus is the chil-dren's Friend, children's Friend.
Then with us u-nit-ed, Joy-ful-ly you'll sing, Je-sus is the chil-dren's Friend, children's Friend.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a lov-ing Saviour is the children's Friend, Oh, what a lov-ing Saviour, He will keep us to the end;

Oh, what a lov-ing Saviour, joy-ful-ly we'll sing, Je-sus is the children's Friend, children's Friend.

I will extol Thee.

Psalm CXLV, 1-3.

June 1918.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.

Con spirito. M. ♩ = 120.

Key G.

f *mf cresc.*

I will ex-tol Thee, my God, O King; I will ex-tol Thee, my God, O King, And I will bless Thy name for

f *poco rall. for finish.* *Fine.*

e-ver and e - - ver, And I will bless Thy name for e-ver and e - - ver.

mf Ev-'ry day I will bless Thee, And I will praise Thy name for e-ver and e - - - ver. *D.S.*

Ev-'ry day I will bless Thee, And I will praise Thy name for e-ver and e - - ver.

Ev-'ry day I will bless Thee, And I will praise Thy name for e-ver and e - - - ver.

f *dim.* *p cresc.* *dim.* *e rall.* *D.C.*

Great is the Lord, And great-ly to be prais-ed; And His greatness is un-search-a-ble.

And greatly to be prais - - ed.

The Soloist's Page.

The Lost Sheep.

Words by BRIGADIER A. HADDEN.

Air by ENSIGN E. E. WERNER.
(Arranged by MRS WERNER.)

mp Allegretto. M. ♩.= 42.

Key G. :s, | m :- :m | s :- :s | d :- :- | m :- :d | l, :- :l, | f :- :m | r :- :- | - :- :r

1. I was a sheep that wan - dered, Nor would I be con - trolled; I
2. I wan - dered, and I wan - dered, Still fur - ther from the fold; I
3. And now I love my Shep - herd, Who sought me when a - stray; Who

mp

m :- :m | s :- :s | d :- :- | m :- :d | l, :f :m | r :- :d | d :- :- | - :- :m

wan - dered o'er the moun - tains, Was far off from the fold. The
knew I was in dan - ger, The right was dark and cold. The
leads me in green pas - tures, And feeds me day by day. And

mf

mf

m :- :f | m :r :d | t, :- :- | se, :- :se, | l, :t, :d | r :- :fe | s :- :- | - : *f* :s

cresc.

kind - ly Shep - herd sought me, As I in sin did roam; He
faith - ful Shep - herd loved me, And claim'd me as His own; He
where He leads I'll fol - low, Not hun - gry now, or cold; He

cresc.

f

l :- :s | s, :- :se, | l, :- :- | r :- :d | t, :- :t, | m :- :m | d :- :- | - :

rall.

saw me on the moun - tains, And sought to bring me home.
found me on the moun - tains, And brought the wan - derer home.
brought me from the moun - tains, He brought me to His fold.

rall.

The Women Songster's Page.

A Prayer for Comfort.

Words by Lt.-Col. B. B. Cox. Music by Oliver Cooke (Lewisham).

Andantino con moto. M. ♩ = 72.

Key G.

mp

1. Lord, when temp - ta - tions fierce and strong Make sor-row's sad and drear - y night,
2. Soul, heed'st thou not the Mas - ter's voice, Heard whis-p'ring low a - bove the roar-
3. Lord, I *do* hear, my - self I know That sor - rows link to the di - vine,

cresc. *mf* *poco meno mosso* *mp*

When an-gry waves beat loud and long, Be Thou my com - fort in the fight, Be Thou my
"My presence should thy heart re - joice, E'en tho' the tem - pest rage the more, E'en tho' the
The saints a - bove once mourn'd be - low And knew the griefs I now call mine, And knew the

f agitato *mf*

com - fort in the fight. And lest the storm my frail - ty shake, Thy-self my re - fuge
tem - pest rage the more. The *Lord of Tem - pests* is thy God, Canst thou not smile be-
griefs I now call mine. As they have tri - umph'd, so may I, And for my cross-es

f *mf* *rit.*

in it make, And lest the storm my frail - ty shake, Thy-self my re - fuge in it make.
- neath the rod, The *Lord of Tem - pests* is thy God, Canst thou not smile be - neath the rod?"
ask no "Why?" As they have tri - umph'd, so may I, And for my cross-es ask no "Why?"

The Songster's Section.

Merciful Kindness.

Psalm CXVII.

Music by J. HARGRAVES.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 100.

Key F.

mf *cresc.* Praise Him all ye

O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions; O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions: O praise the.

na - tions. Praise Him all ye peo - ple, *ff* all ye people. *f*

Lord, O praise the Lord. Praise, O praise Him. praise Him all ye people. Praise the Lord all ye

cresc. *ff*

nations: Praise, O praise Him all ye people. Praise the Lord, all ye nations; Praise, O praise Him all ye people, Praise the

O praise the Lord, all ye na-tions. *rall.* praise Him,

Lord, O praise the Lord, praise Him all ye nations: O praise Him, praise Him, all, all ye peo-ple.

O praise the Lord all ye na-tions: O praise the Lord all ye people, O Praise Him, praise Him

Duet if desired.

mp Andante con espress. M. ♩.= 52.

For His mer - ci - ful kind-ness is great, is great to-ward us; For His mer - ci - ful kind-ness is

Org.

mf *mf*

great, is great to-ward us; And the truth, and the truth of the Lord; En - dur - eth, en-dur-eth for

Maestoso. M. ♩ = 112.

mf *f*

ev - er, And the truth of the Lord en - dur - eth for ev - er. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

mf cresc. *f* *f* *mp* *f* *mp*

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

mf *cresc.* *f rall.* *ff Lento*

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

Praise ye the Lord!

The work of the Holy Spirit.

Words and air by COMMANDANT COLLER.

Key C. Moderato. M. ♩ = 84.

1. Who, in child-hood's heed-less, hap-py day, Oft would bid me pause in time of play;
2. Who, when vice had with-ered vir-tue's bloom, When my soul was drift-ing on to doom,
3. Who re-veal'd my souls su-prem-est need, Then to Christ in pen-i-tence did lead,
4. When the con-flict raged with-in my breast, When by pas-sion torn and sore dis-trest,

Touch'd my ten-der heart with tale of love, Whis-per'd to my soul of things a-bove? Thou
Strove with striv-ings tongue could not de-clare, Lift-ing high the sign: 'Be-ware-be-ware'? My
Where, un-fold-ing God's great love for me, Help'd me grasp Sal-va-tion full and free? Re-
Who re-veal'd to my en-rap-tur'd sight Pow'r to walk the world with garments white? Spir-

gra-cious Spir-it, Thou art still My Guard and Guide in good and ill.
Guard and Guide, in good and ill; Sweet Spir-it, Thou art with me still.
-veal-er of the Fa-ther's will Sweet Spir-it, Thou art with me still.
-it of God, pre-serve me still, Teach me the Fa-ther's per-fect will.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 120.

Ho-ly Spir-it, me pos-sess, Fit me strug-gling souls to bless;

Set me now with zeal a-flame, To the glo-ry of Thy name.

Drifting to Death.

Words and air by ALEC GRIEG. (Aberdeen.)

mp Moderato con espress. M. ♩ = 92.

Key F.

1. On - ward and down-ward to death you are go - ing, Fur - ther and fur - ther from God and from heav'n; Earth's lur - ing plea-sures will prove your o'er - throw-ing,
2. Dan - ger and death in the path you're pur - su - ing Your soul must find, it will lead you to doom; There, straight a - head, is de - struc-tion and ru - in,
3. Down-ward to death, oh, the thought is ap - pall - ing, Still with a thoughtless per - - sist - ence you go; Ne'er giv - ing heed to the sweet voice that's call - ing,
4. Turn, sin - ner, turn, while the love - light is burn - ing, Turn while the Lord in His mer - cy doth call; Bend to His will, and no lon - ger be spurn-ing

cresc.

There is no safe - ty with sins un - for - giv'n.
There lies the dark-ness of e - ter - nal gloom.
Cold - ly in - diff-'rent, though He loves you so.
His great sal - va - tion, oh, yield Him your all.

dim.

mf CHORUS.

Drift - ing, drift - ing,

mf

drift - ing to death, Ru - in'd by sin and its blight - ing breath; Choose ye to -

cresc.

f

rall.

- day what will it be, Heav - en or hell for e - ter - ni - ty?

Sing to Jesus.

Words by REV. PAXTON HOOD.

French Air.

Key D.

p Andante. M. ♩= 48.

1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus, When the heart is faint; Tell it all to
2. Je - sus we are low - ly, Thou art ve - ry high: We are all un-
3. All His words are mu - sic, Tho' they make me weep, In - fin - ite - ly
4. Je - sus let me love Thee, In - fin - ite - ly sweet; What are the poor

mp cresc.

Je - sus, Com - fort for com - plaint. If the work is sor - row, If the
- ho - ly, Thou art pur - i - ty. We are frail and fleet - ing, Thou art
ten - der, In - fin - ite - ly deep. Time can nev - er ren - der, All in
o - dours I bring to Thy feet? Yet I love Thee, love Thee, Come in -

mf

way is long; If thou dread'st the mor - row, Tell it Him in song.
still the same, All life's joys are meet - ing In Thy bless - ed name.
Him I see, In - fin - ite - ly ten - der Hu - man de - i - ty.
- to my heart; And ere long re - move me, To be where Thou art.

mp CHORUS.

1-3. Sing a hymn to Je - sus, When thy heart is faint;
4. Thus I sing to Je - sus, When my heart is faint;

rall.

Tell it all to Je - sus, Com - fort for com - plaint.
So I tell to Je - sus, Com - fort or com - plaint.

Hallelujah! we shall Conquer.

Words by Col Pearson.

Music by R. Murray.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 96.

Key E♭.

1. Make the world with mu-sic ring, While with heart and voice we sing, Prais-es to our Lord and King, Hal-le-
2. Thro' the Blood we shall pre-vail, Tho' both earth and hell as-sail, God in man can nev-er fail, Hal-le-
3. Ev-er-last-ing arms are round, Walls of fire the saints surround, En-e-mies we shall con-found, Hal-le-
4. Sing your songs, ye saints of light, Soon we shall es-cape from night, Up to glo-ry wing our flight, Hal-le-

cresc. *f*

-lu-jah! Preach with no un-cer-tain sound, Make the na-tions all re-sound With the
-lu-jah! Keep your weap-ons sharp and bright, Buc-kle on the ar-mour tight, Fight-ing
-lu-jah! For-ward with the sword and shield, Vic-tory waits us on the field, Stand your
-lu-jah! Face to face we then shall see, Him who died up-on the tree, Crown'd with

f CHORUS.

Sav-iour we have found, Hal-le-lu-jah!
is our great de-light, Hal-le-lu-jah!
ground and nev-er yield, Hal-le-lu-jah!
glo-ry we shall be, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

-lu-jah! We shall con-quer thro' the blood, Give the glo-ry all to God; Hal-le-

-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! We shall con-quer thro' the blood, Hal-le-lu-jah!

The Hour of Prayer.

Words by Mrs Hemans.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Key F.

mp

1. Child, a-midst the flow'rs at play, While the red light
Solo. 2. Trav-ller in the stranger's land, Far from thine own
Tutti. 3. War-rior, that from bat-tle won, Breathest now at

p

fades a-way: Mo-ther, with thine ear-nest eye Ev-er following earn-est-ly:
house-hold band: Mourn-er, haunt-ed by the tone Of a voice from this world gone:
set of sun: Wo-man, o'er the low-ly slain, Weep-ing on his bur-ial plain:

p cresc. *mf cresc.*

Fa-ther, by the breeze of eve Called thy har-vest work to leave, Pray, ere yet the
Cap-tive, in whose nar-row cell Sun-shine hath not leave to dwell: Sail-or on the
Ye that tri-umph, ye that sigh, Kin-dred by one ho-ly tie, Heav'n's first star a-

f

Verses 1 & 2. D.C. Verse 3.

dark hours be, Lift the heart and bend the knee. knee.
dark'ning sea, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
-like ye see, Lift the heart and bend the

p

Shall we know each other?

Music by REV. R. LOWRY.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Key E♭.

cresc.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ring-ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome, When sweet an-gels' voi-ces
2. When the ho-ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joi-ces, And my wea-ry heart grows light: For the thrill-ing an-gel

mf *cresc.*

sing-ing, Glad-ly bid us wel-come home, To the land of an-cient sto-ry,
greet us In the glor-ious spi-rit land? Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing
voi-ces And the an-gel fa-ces bright That shall wel-come us in hea-ven

an-cient sto-ry,
same eyes shin-ing
us in hea-ven

f

Where the spirit knows no care, In that land of light and glo-ry Shall we know each oth-er there?
On us, as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twin-ing Fond-ly round us, as be-fore?
Are the lov'd of long a-go, And to them, 'tis kind-ly giv-en Thus their mor-tal friends to know.

knows no care,
days of yore?
long a-go,

mf CHORUS. *cresc.* *f*

1. & 2. Shall we know, shall we know each o-ther? Shall we know, shall we know each o-ther? Shall we
3. We shall know, we shall know each o-ther! We shall know, we shall know each o-ther! We shall

know, shall we know, Shall we know, shall we know, Shall we know each o-ther there?
know, we shall know, We shall know, we shall know, We shall know each o-ther there!

The Instrumentalist's Page.

March:- Courage.

For Trumpet or Bugle Bands.

Trumpets.

BAND-INSPECTOR HILL.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.

A B C D E

Fine. D.C.

Side & Bass Drums.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.

A B C D E

Fine. D.C.

March:- Plucky.

For Trumpet or Bugle Bands.

Trumpets.

BAND-INSPECTOR. HILL.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.

A B C

divide

Fine. D.C.

Side & Bass Drums.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.

A B C

Fine. D.C.

*If desired, Trumpets or Drums can rest first time through.

Anywhere!

mf **Moderato.** M. ♩ = 84. Words and air by BANDSMAN J. GREIG. (Coventry. I.)

Key C.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad-ly go, For I know like Him there is no oth-er guide, oth-er guide;
2. An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad-ly go, Tho' the road be-fore me I can scarcely see, scarcely see;
3. An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad-ly go, Yes, al - tho' it means up Calv-ry's rug-ged hill, rug-ged hill;

mf cresc. *f* *mp*

An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad - ly go, I am safe when I am walk - ing by His side, His side, He's
An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad - ly go, Just how long I care not while He walks with me, with me. Thro'
An - y-where with Je-sus I'll glad - ly go, And al - tho' it means thro' good re-port or ill, or ill. With

cresc. *mf cresc.* *f*

ten - der, lov-ing, He's kind and true, And on Him I al-ways can de - pend, de - pend; While keep-ing Je - sus
joy - ful summers and win - ter's days, I will fol - low where He leads the way, the way; Thro' drear - y pain or
Him I care not how long or steep My climb towards heaven's gates may be, may be; I know I'm safe while

mf **CHORUS.** *cresc.*

well in view, I'll go safe-ly to my jour-ney's end.
health-y praise I will fol-low Je-sus ev - 'ry day. Anywhere with Jesus I will go, yes, I will go, Anywhere with Jesus I will
He doth keep, An-y-where I'll go while He's with me.

f cresc.

go, yes, I will go; Where He leads I'll fol-low, With Him I'm safe I know; Yes, an-y-where with Je-sus I will go, I will go.

The Soloists Page.

Mercy.

For Alto or Bass Voices.

Words by ENOCH KENT. Music by MOZART.

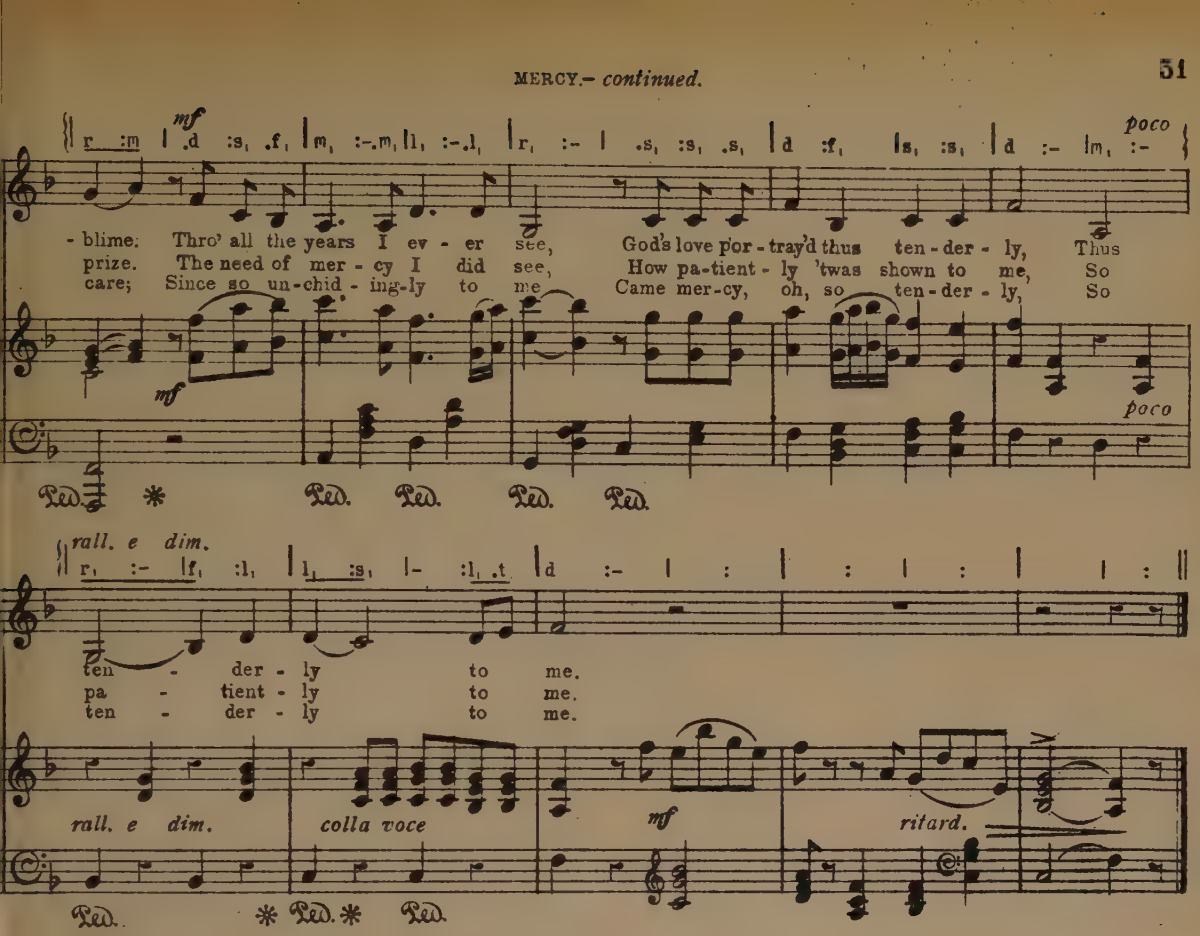
Key F. Moderato. M. ♩ = 69.

1. 'Twas mine to know how mer - cy A way - ward sin - ner found; How bound - less was the fav - our My whole life cir - cled round.
2. With - out a thought of seek - ing To do the Fa - ther's will, My chief - est thought was reap - ing Life's plea - sures to the fill.
3. The price - less gift of mer - cy, God has to me made known; Tho' need - y, yet how kind - ly, His grace to me was shown.

A mo-ther's eyes with love - light shin - ing, In ear - ly years her pray'rs were mine; The ten-drils of my heart en - twin - ing, With beau-ty rare, 'twas love sub - rise; The gla-mour of the world dis - play - ing, Yet point-ing to a no - bler - pare?— That all may feel the ten - der glow-ing With - in the heart of God's great

But mer-cy came my young feet stay - ing, The 'vis - ion splen-did' oft did
The fruit of mer - cy dai - ly show - ing, The like of which what can com-

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

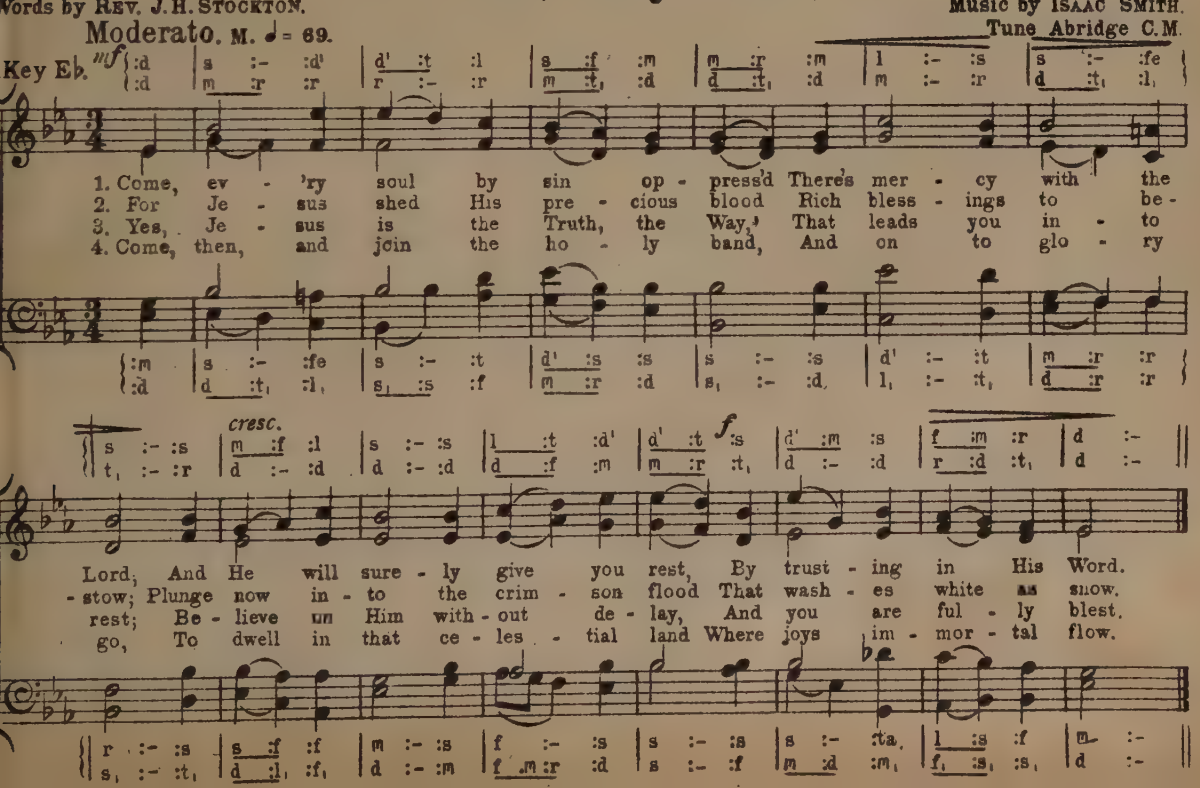


Come, every soul!

Words by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

Music by Isaac Smith.

Tune Abridge C.M.



The Bandsmen's Page.

Salvation Music.

The Story of a Backslider's restoration.

"Salvation music is the music for me." (General W. Booth.)

Words and music by DEP. B. M. ALLEN. (Rugby.)

Key G. *mf* Allegretto. M. ♩ = 112.

1. I've a sto - ry to tell that should cheer ev - 'ry heart, And help Ar - my bandsmen to ren - der their part That the peo - ple who lis - ten from their sins may de - part Thro' the
2. He was stand-ing one night on a big mar-ket square, The crowd, it was large and a band play - ing there A piece so fam - il - iar that to breathe scarce he dare— Such
3. Then a - way on the march did he fol - low the band, The piece that was play'd spoke of Heav - en's bright land; He was grieved when it stopp'd to pass a church close at hand— For 'twas
4. Then he went in the hall, for his soul it was stirred, In the songs that were sung God's own voice sure was heard; His spi - rit strove with him, when he heard read His word, And a -

cresc. *f*

pow-er of Sal-va-tion Mu - sic. For you nev - er can tell who is stand-ing a-round And
pow'r has this Sal-va-tion Mu - sic. He was ta - ken right back in a mem-ry of years To the
grand was this Sal-va-tion Mu - sic. But a - gain do they play, and this time Sil - ver Hill, Sabbath
- gain by this Sal-va-tion Mu - sic. So he wend-ed his way to the blest mer-cy seat, De -

mp

list-'ning in - tent - ly to the sweet, wel - come sound, May - - be a back-sli - der in a
time when he play'd this same mes - sage which cheers Yet this night he was found, thro' his
like does it seem, and his eyes with tears fill, As sop - ra - no soars high, to his
- ter - min'd to give up all wrongs at His feet; God heard him, Oh, bless Him! and he

mf *cresc.*

by - path is found, Yet drawn there by Sal - va - tion Mu - - sic.
sins, full of fears, Con - vict - ed by Sal - va - tion Mu - - sic.
heart comes a thrill Thro' the pow - er of Sal - va - tion Mu - - sic.
now is com - plete, And once more he plays Sal - va - tion Mu - - sic.

f

CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩.=60.

mf *mf*

The pow-er of Sal-va-tion Mu-sic Is felt thro' our land to-day, to-day; The

cresc. *f* *f*

Bands-men they play out a mes-sage Of free-dom from sin al-way, al-way; For

ritenuto *f a tempo* *lento*

sal-va-tion's free for you and for me; So Sal-va-tion Mu-sic is the mu-sic for me.

Oh, Cleanse our Souls.

Words by HARRY DAVIS. Music by Dr W. H. MONK.

Tune St. Matthias 6-8s

mp Andante. M. ♩ = 69.

Key F.

1. Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood For ev-'ry guil-ty sin-ner flows, A cleansing ef-fi-cacious flood, A
2. As-sembled here with one ac-cord, We claim Thy promised blessing now, And dare believe Thy precious word, As
3. Oh, sol-emn-ise our ev-'ry heart, And let us feel Thy presence now, Sub-due, dear Lord, each stubborn heart, That

cresc. *f*

healing stream for hu-man woes, Now let us feel its quick'ning pow'r, Oh, cleanse our souls this ve-ry hour.
down be-fore Thy throne we bow. Oh, fill us with Thy might-y pow'r, And save, O Lord, this ve-ry hour.
all in pen-i-tence may bow, Con-vict us by Thy might-y pow'r, And save, dear Lord, this ve-ry hour.

The Songsters' Section.

By Grace are ye saved.

Words and music by J. McGranahan.

Key C. *mf* Maestoso. M. ♩ = 84.

1. In grace the ho - ly God Did full Sal - va - tion plan, E -
2. This grace of God ap - pears, In Je - sus Christ His Son, He,
3. To all who do be - lieve, In God, thro' Christ re - ceived, By

cresc.

- lect - ing in His sov - reign grace, To save re - bell - ious man.
lift - ed from the cross of shame, The grace of God made known.
grace they full Sal - va - tion have, And "Sons of God" are sealed.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 96.

mf *mp cresc.* *mf*

By grace are ye saved thro' faith, thro' faith, thro' faith, thro' faith, and that not of your-
thro' faith, thro' faith,

cresc. *f*

- selves; thro' faith, and that not of your selves; Not of works, not of works,
not of works, not of works, not of

not of works, not of works, not of works not of works; not of works, lest an - y man should

works,

boast, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest an - y man should boast, it

mf cres *cen*

is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, it is the gift of God, it

dc

is the gift of God, the gift of God.

When the tide comes in.

Words and air by BRIGADIER E. H. JOY.

Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 100.

Key D♭.

1. One day by the sea - shore stroll - ing I watch'd the chil - dren play; And I
2. There are ma - ny who watch the swell - ing Of the sea of God's great love; They
3. On the far, far-off shore of the o - cean Is the Ci - ty of our God; Where

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

saw how the big waves roll - ing Wash'd their lit-tle games a - way. Then I
know there is peace and heal - ing To be had in its prec - ious flood. But they
dwell all the hosts of the ran - som'd, Re - deem'd by the prec - ious Blood. On the

cresc. *f*

thought of the love of Je - sus, So might - y and wide and free; How it
doubt, and they keep on doubt - ing, Till the time of the flood is o'er; And
shore they are watch - ing and wait - ing For the souls who are home - ward bound; For

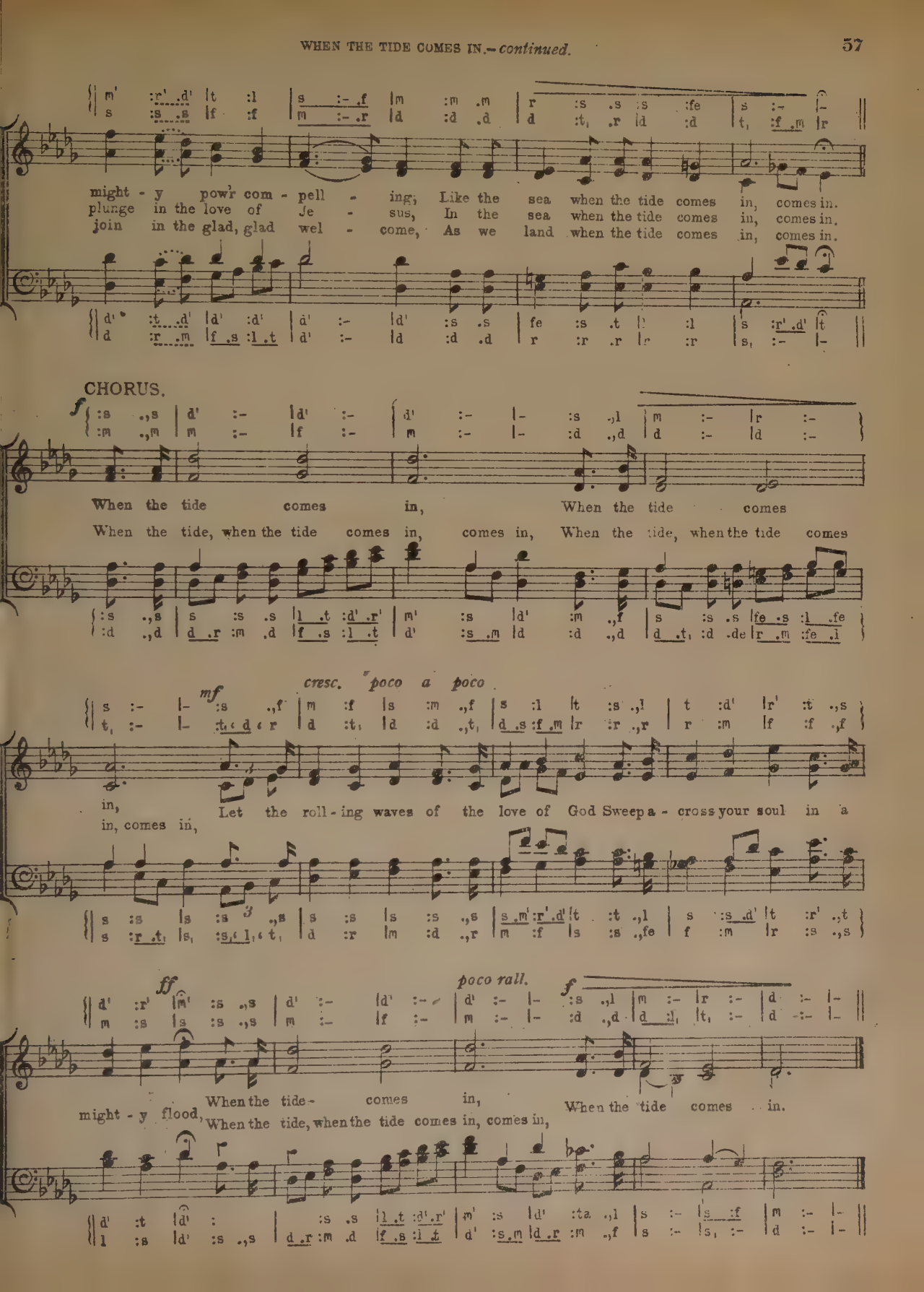
mp

came with its bil - lows sweep - ing, Like the waves of a might - y sea. And I
then they are left la - ment - ing On a drear - y and wreck-strewn shore. Oh, no
those who thro' storm and tem - pest Have the heav'n - ly har - bour found. There are

cresc. *f*

pray'd that it might come roll - ing, Cleansing me from my guilt and sin; With a
long - er then stay thus doubt - ing But let go all your doubt and sin; And
loved ones of ours a - mong them, Free from sor - row and pain and sin; They'll

and sin,


might - y pow'r com - pell - ing, Like the sea when the tide comes in, comes in.
plunge in the love of Je - sus, In the sea when the tide comes in, comes in.
join in the glad, glad wel - come, As we land when the tide comes in, comes in.
CHORUS.
f
When the tide comes in, When the tide comes
When the tide, when the tide comes in, comes in, When the tide, when the tide comes
mf
cresc. poco a poco
in, Let the roll - ing waves of the love of God Sweep a - cross your soul in a
in, comes in,
ff
poco rall.
f
When the tide comes in, When the tide comes in.
might - y flood, When the tide, when the tide comes in, comes in,

Home, Rest and a Crown.

Words by COMMANDANT W. H. WINDYBANK. Music by R. L. DE PEARSALL.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 96.

Key F.

1. A *home* for war-riors of the cross Is now pre-pared in heav'n; For those who fol-low
2. A *rest* re-mains for sol-diers brave, Who here their du-ty do; A rest from toil and
3. A *crown* of glo-ry and of life Is wait-ing in the sky For those who con-quer

Je-sus here, And know their sins for-giv'n. A house a-bove, not made with hands, We
bit-ter strife, For war-riors who are true. Who for their Sav-iour's sake en-dure, Not
in the strife, And on their God re-ly. Press on-ward, then, this crown to win; Fight

1st and 2nd Verses.

mf cresc. *f* *rit.*

read it in God's Word, For those of whom it may be said, "For ev-er with the Lord."
fear-ing pain or loss; Who brave-ly fight to win lost souls, And glo-ry in the cross.
on-and nev-er tire;

3rd Verse.

mf cresc. *f* *ff*

Trust God, and vic-try you shall win, Be-neath the "Blood and Fire;" Trust

rall.

God, and vic-try you shall win, Be-neath the "Blood and Fire."

A Song of Salvation.

Words and music by PHILLIP PHILLIPS.

mf Andante. M. ♩= 72.

Key G.

1. I have heard of a Sav - iour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must
2. I have heard how He suf - fered and bled, How He lan - guish'd and died on the
3. I've been told of a Heav - en on high, Which the sol - diers of Je - sus shall
4. Lord, an - swer these ques - tions of mine: To whom shall I go but to

be, it must be; But did He come down from a - bove Out of
tree, on the tree; But then is it an - y - where said That He
see, shall see; But is there a place in the sky Made
Thee? but to Thee? And say, by Thy spi - rit di - vine, There's a

cresc.

love and com - pas - sion for me, for me? Out of love and com - pas - sion for me?
lan - guish'd and suf - fer'd for me, for me? That He lan - guish'd and suf - fer'd for me?
read - y and fur - nish'd for me, for me? Made read - y and fur - nish'd for me?
Sav - iour and heav - en for me, for me. There's a Sav - iour and heav - en for me.

f CHORUS.

mf cresc.

Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me; Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me; Our

Lord from a - bove, In His in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.
in His love,

The Young People's Page.

I love to hear the story.

Words by MRS E. H. MILLER. Music by Dr H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Key G. *mf*

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise; And

once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and
show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to
tho' I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise: For He has kind - ly

D.t. *cresc.*

mp cresc.

s:n - ful, But this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me Be -
fol - low His foot-steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be -
pro - mised That ev - en I may go To sing a-mong His an - gels, Be -

f G. *mf* CHORUS.

- cause He loved me so
- cause He loves me so. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces
- cause He loves me so.

tell, How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

Keep on Believing.

An old Favourite.

(Arranged for Songster Brigades)

Words by COL. M. DUFF. Music by COMMISSIONER MRS BOOTH-HELLBERG.

Allegretto. M. ♩. = 60.

Key Ab. *mf*

1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round, Sub - tle temp - ta - tion, trou - bles a -
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the Cross be? Where would the
3. God is your Wis - dom, God is your Might, God's ev - er near you, guid - ing you
4. Let us press on, then, nev - er des - pair, Live a - bove feel - ing, vic - to - ry's

cresc. *f*

- bound; Nothing seems hope - ful, nothing seems glad, All is des - pair - ing, ev - en - time sad.
fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you Chan - ces of prov - ing that you are true.
right; He un - der - stands you, knows all you need; Trust - ing in Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.
there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him That nev - er - more our faith shall grow dim.

CHORUS.

f

Keep on be - liev - ing, Je - sus is near, Keep on be - liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-

to fear;

- liev - ing, this is the way, the way; Faith in the night as well as the day, as the day.

The Soloist's Page.

All for Jesus.

Words by REV. L. HARTSOUGH. Music by ADJT. ARCHIE BURGESS.

Key G. *mp* Andante. M. ♩ = 56. *cresc.*

1. Je - sus calls me; I am go - ing Where He o - pens up the way, To the toil-ing in His vine-yard,
2. Je - sus calls me; I am go - ing To the life He wills for me; This poor world can't still the ach-ing
3. Je - sus calls me; I am go - ing To the wash-ing of His Blood, Heal-ing now and pu - ri - fy - ing
4. Je - sus calls me; I am go - ing Friends and neighbours come with me; Has - ten now and gain sal - va - tion,

mp *cresc.*

mf *mp* s.d.f. B♭. *cresc.* E♭.

Shrink-ing not a sin - gle day. Friends may shun me, toils a - wait me, Care and sor-row be my lot;
Of my heart, or set it free. Oh, what anx-ious bit - ter sor - row Does the world give with its strife!
All who test the crim-son flood. Flesh may cry, not now, to - mor-row! I - dols rise with wont-ed pow'r,
For the foun - tains full and free. Prove the grace that Christ now of - fers, Know the worth of this new life,

mf *mp* *cresc.*

mf *cresc.* *f cresc.* G.t.m. *ff*

But I've cho-sen Christ my Sav-iour, I am go - ing, call me not; But I've cho-sen Christ my Saviour,
But with Je-sus— oh what glo-ry! End-ing in e - ter - nal life, But with Je-sus— oh what glo-ry!
Je - sus, help me! come and help me! Je - sus, keep me hour by hour, Je - sus, help me! come and help me!
Rise to all the bliss im - mor-tal, Far a - bove this world of strife, Rise to all the bliss im-mor-tal,

mf *cresc.* *f cresc.* *ff*

dim. e rall.

I am go - ing, call me not.
End-ing in e - ter - nal life.
Je - sus, keep me hour by hour.
Far a - bove this world of strife.

After last Verse.

dim. e rall. *mp cresc.* *ff*

The Bandsmen's Page.

The Portals of Mercy.

Arranged for Male Voices by MAJOR F. G. HAWKES.

mf Allegro moderato. M. ♩=100.

Key B♭.

1. O'er the por - tals of mer - cy these words are in-scrib'd And writ - ten in let - ters of gold. The
2. All ye mourn-ers, believ - ing, in con - fi-dence come, Ye des - o - late, haste to look up; Ye
3. And ye sin - ners, oh, come, there's a pal - ace for you, Pre - pared by the Build-er a - bove; Ap-

cresc. *dim.*

way - far - ing man may be - hold them a - far, And knock at the heav - en - ly fold.
toil-worn with la - bour, new vi - gour put on, And knock at the por - tals of hope.
- proach with your bur - den, in meek-ness sub-mit, And knock at the por - tals of love.

f CHORUS. *mf* *f*

Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Sav - iour's com-mand, Knock at the por - tals of love, of love;

f *rall. e dim.*

Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Sav - iour's command, En-ter in - to the man-sions of love.

The Songsters' Section.

How lovely are Thy dwellings!

Psalm LXXXIV.

Words by MILTON. Music by ENSIGN H. OTWAY.

mf Allegretto. M. ♩ = 66.

Key D.

How love - ly are Thy dwellings fair, O Lord of Hosts, how - dear The pleasant tab - er - na - cles are Where Thou dost dwell so near. My soul doth long and al - most die Thy courts, O Lord, to see; My heart and flesh a - loud do cry, O Liv-ing God, for Thee.

mp cresc.

mf

f Poco meno mosso. M. ♩ = 60.

Hap-py who in Thy house re-side, Where Thee they ev - er praise! Hap - py whose strength in

mf cresc.

Thee doth bide, And in their hearts Thy ways. They jour - ney on from strength to strength, With

f

joy and gladsome cheer, Till all be-fore our God at length, In Zi-on do ap - pear.

f **Maestoso.** M. ♩ = 80.

mp cresc.

For God, the Lord, both Sun and Shield, Gives grace and glo - ry bright, Gives

mf cresc.

grace and glo - ry bright; No good from them shall be with - held, No good from them shall be with-

No good from them shall be with-held, No

ff **Lento.**

f

- held, Whose ways are just and right, Whose ways are just and right.

good from them shall be with-held, Whose ways

The Better Fount.

Words and music by Dep. B. M. Parfitt. (Bristol I.)

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Key F.

1. In old - en time the lep - 'rous man With rich re - ward to Is-rael's pro-phet came; From
2. A - way by old Beth - es - da's pool, A mul - ti - tude of folk im - po-tent lay; The
3. And now for all is o - pen'd wide, To save from all un - righteous-ness to - day, A

hea - then land, not know - ing how, Yet seek - ing cleans - ing from his hid-eous bane; The
halt, the with - er'd and the blind, All wait - ing for the wa-ters troubling day; But
Bet - ter Fount of glor - ious worth, It wash - es ev - 'ry stain of guilt a-way; A-

pro - phet bade him go and wash, And dip him-self sev'n times in Jor - dan's stream; The
one had lain there year by year, And none had giv - en help when he ap-peal'd; The
- bound-ing grace for ev - 'ry need, And, com - ing, none will ev - er be de-nied, But,

cresc. f rall. e dim.

great man, hum - bled tho' his pride, O - beyed and as a child his flesh was clean.
an - gel pass'd, but Je - sus knew, And at His word the suff'ring one was healed.
wel - come to the crim-son fount, Find mer - cy in the cleft of Je - su's side.

f CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 104.

There is cleansing in the stream, There is cleansing in the stream; Than the riv-ers of the north there's a
There is heal-ing at His word, There is heal-ing at His word; What-e'er your in-fir-mi-ty it is
Cleansing, heal-ing, sav-ing now, As with prostrate soul I bow; Now by faith I plunge me in-to this

There is cleansing in the stream, in the stream, There is cleansing in the stream, in the stream;

rall. e dim.

stream of better worth, And it wash-es white as snow all who plunge in-to its flow; Oh, seek in Je-sus this cleansing stream.
Christ must set you free, While the Heal-er passeth by, if from heart sincere you cry; You'll perfect heal-ing find in the Lord.
sav-ing fount for sin, From the Saviour's spear-thrust side, springs the love-fount dis-pand wide, And by its vir-tue 'tis cleansing now.

Words by WESLEY.

Glorious Hope.

Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 112. Old Tune Greetland.

Key Ab. *mf*

1. What is sal-va-tions glor-ious hope But in-ward ho-li-

cresc. *mp* *cresc.*

-ness? For this to Je-sus I look up,

I calm-ly wait for

calm-ly wait for this, *f*

I calm-ly wait for this, I calm-ly wait for this.

I calm-ly wait, I calm-ly wait for this,

2. I wait till He shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3. This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

4. When Jesus makes my heart His home
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! He saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!

5. Be it according to Thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Trust our faithful Lord.

Words and music by ENSIGN S. KYLE.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 84. *cresc.*

Key B♭.

1. Days of strife and days of sad-ness, Days of dan-ger and suspense, Call for faith that, nothing daunt-ed,
2. Leave the cares of life be-hind you, Leave your bur-den at the cross; Press to-wards the gold-en ci-ty,

mf

Bold-ly claims our Great De-fence. He, our Fa-ther and our Keep-er, Seeks to help and cheer and bless;
Where true gain re-plac-es loss. But the prize is for the faith-ful, Faint-ing souls win not the goal;

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩. = 42.

mf *mf*

Will you love Him? Will you serve Him? He can aid in your distress. "All things work to-geth-er for good To them
For-ward then and nev-er wa-ver, Trust the Keep-er of your soul.

love the Lord; 'Tis writ-ten in the word, The tru-est ev-er heard. *mf cresc.*

cresc.

that love the Lord;" 'Tis writ-ten in the word, The tru-est ev-er heard, When temptations and sorrows as-

f

-sail, Claim the promise that nev-er can fail; The word He hath spo-ken can nev-er be broken, So trust our faithful Lord.

Jesus, lover of my Soul.

Song with Vocal Accompaniment.

Words by C. WESLEY. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 66.

Key A♭

1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly; While the near-er wa-ters roll,
2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,

mf *mp*

1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly; While the near-er wa-ters roll,
2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone,

While the tempest still is high. Hide me, oh, my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still sup - port and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;

cresc.

While the tempest still is high. Hide me, oh, my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still sup - port and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;

f Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh re-ceive my soul at last;
Cov-er my defenceless head, With the sha-dow of Thy wing;

Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh re-ceive my soul at last;
Cov - er my defenceless head, With the sha - dow of Thy wing;

Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my defenceless head, With the sha-dow of Thy wing.

Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last, my soul at last.
Cov - er my defenceless head, With the sha-dow of Thy wing, of Thy wing.

The returning Backslider.

Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 60.

Key Ab. *mf*

1. Je-sus, my Lord, Je-sus, my Lord, I come just now, I come just now, And humbly at, and humbly at Thy footstool bow, Thy footstool bow; 'Tis true my heart, 'tis true my heart has har-bour'd sin, has har-bour'd sin, And sin-ful paths, and sin-ful paths I've wan-der'd in, I've wan-der'd in. Yet conscience smote, yet conscience smote me day by day, me day by day, And dark in-deed, and dark in-deed was sin's high-way, was sin's high-way; But now I come, but now I come once more to Thee, once more to Thee, Oh, Saviour, speak, oh, Saviour, speak just now to me, just now to me.
2. The world I tried, the world I tried, and tried in vain, and tried in vain, No last-ing peace, no lasting peace could I ob-tain, could I ob-tain; Its joys ap-pear'd, its joys ap-pear'd un-real to me, un-real to me, Com-par'd with those, com-par'd with those I'd found in Thee, I'd found in Thee. The mem-'ry of, the mem-'ry of the hap-py days, the hap-py days, When I re-joic'd, when I re-joic'd to speak Thy praise, to speak Thy praise, Came o'er my soul, came o'er my soul and bade me flee, and bade me flee, In pen-i-tence, in pen-i-tence right back to Thee, right back to Thee.
3. Deep in my soul, deep in my soul I love Thee, Lord, I love Thee, Lord, And long a-gain, and long a-gain to be re-stor'd, to be re-stor'd; Deep-ly I mourn, deep-ly I mourn the wrong I've done, the wrong I've done, And come to Thee, and come to Thee, the sin-less One, the sin-less One. I long to live, I long to live Thy grace to own, Thy grace to own, To live for Thee, to live for Thee and sculs a-lone, and souls a-lone; I seek not wealth, I seek not wealth nor fame nor ease, nor fame nor ease, But fain would live, but fain would live my Lord to please, my Lord to please.

mp cresc.

mf cresc.

f

rall.

CHORUS.

mf *a tempo* *cresc.*

Speak, Sa-viour, speak, speak, Sa-viour, speak just now to me, just now to me From ev-'ry

sin, from ev-'ry sin now set me free, now set me free; Bid all wrong things, bid all wrong things from me de-

f *rall.*

-part, from me de-part, And dwell Thy-self with-in, with-in my heart, with-in my heart.

Time is earnest.

Music by HANDEL.
Old Tune Theodora.

Maestoso. M. ♩ - 72.

Key E.

mf

1. Time is earn-est, pass-ing by; Death is earn-est, draw-ing nigh;
2. Life is earn-est, when 'tis o'er Thou re-turn-est nev-er-more;
3. Heav'n is earn-est, sol-emn-ly Float its voi-ces down to thee:
4. Hell is earn-est, fierce-ly roll Burn-ing bil-lows near thy soul;
5. God is earn-est, kneel and pray, Ere thy sea-son pass a-way,

f

Sin-ner, wilt thou tri-fling be? Time and death ap-peal to thee.
Soon to meet e-ter-ni-ty, Wilt thou nev-er ser-ious be?
O thou mor-tal, art thou gay, Sport-ing thro' thine earth-ly day?
Woe for thee if thou a-bide Un-re-deem'd, un-sanc-ti-fied.
Ere He set His Judg-ment throne, Ven-geance rea-dy, mer-cy gone.

The Instrumentalist's Page.

March:- Our Heroes.

For Trumpet or Bugle Bands.

CAPT. A. DALZIEL.

First Trumpet.

Allegro. M. ♩. = 112.

mf f ff A Fine. mf B f C ff 1. 2. D.C.

Second Trumpet.

Allegro.

f ff A Fine. mf B f C ff 1. 2. D.C.

Third Trumpet.

Allegro.

ff Fine. A mf B f C ff 1. 2. D.C.

Side & Bass Drums.

Allegro.

f ff Fine. A mf B f C ff 1. 2. D.C.

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

Words by T. Kelly.

Air by J. Kelly.

Harmonized by J. H. Trevor, A.R.C.O.

Maestoso. M. ♩ = 63.

Key D.

mf *cresc.* *f*

1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign for ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour, hast-en Thy ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glor-ious day,

mf *cresc.* *f*

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of Love.
No - thing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

All Voices in unison.

f

See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then with gol - den harps we'll sing, Glor - y, glor - y to our King.

Organ *f*

mf *cresc.* *f* *rall.*

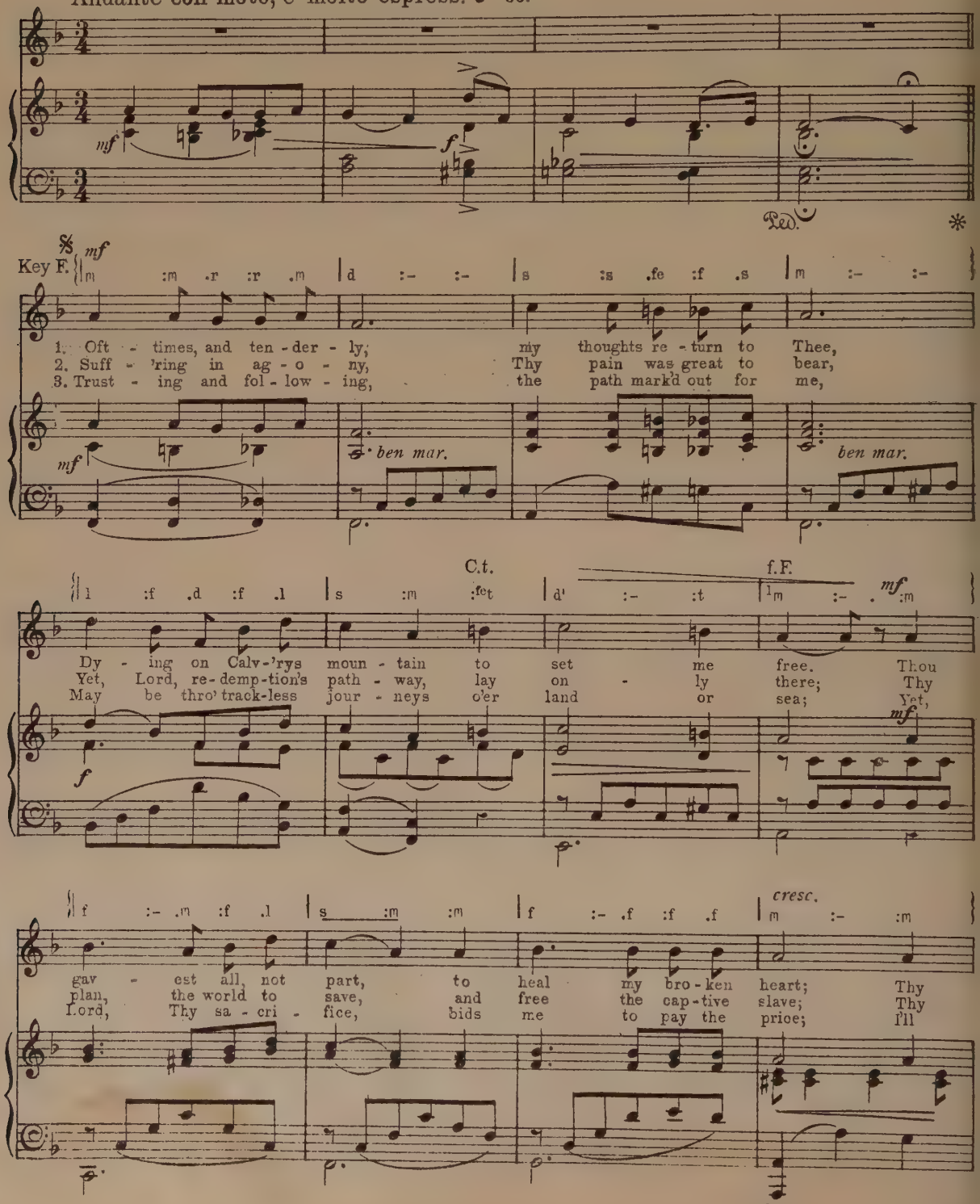
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be - hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glor - y, glor - y to our King!

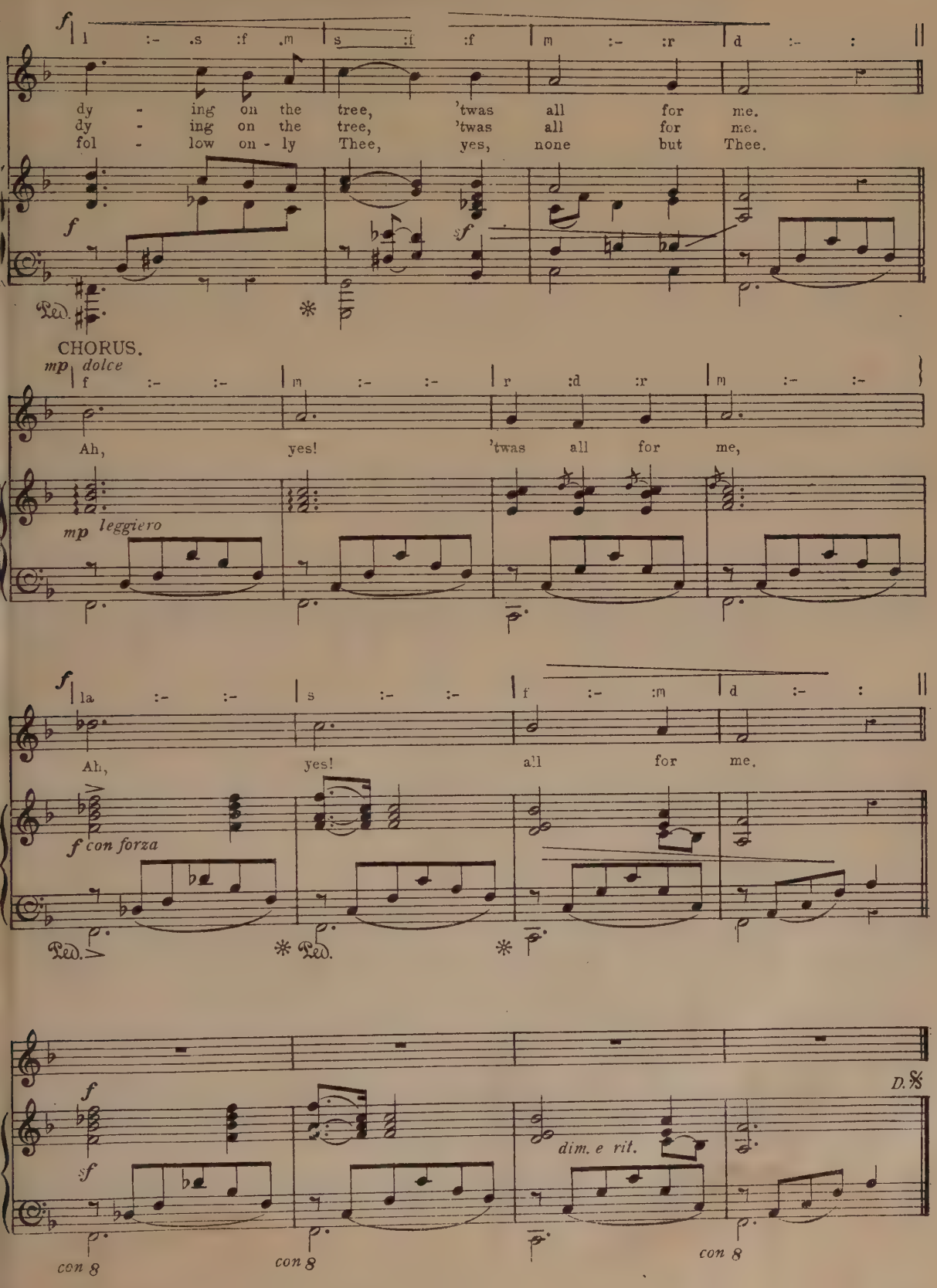
The Soloist's Page.

Ah, Yes! 'Twas all for Me.

Words by ENVOY J. BRUCE. Music by BANDMASTER MARSHALL. (South Shields.)

Andante con moto, e molto espress. ♩= 66.




f
l :- .s :f .m | s :f :f | m :- :r | d :- :
dy - ing on the tree, 'twas all for me.
dy - ing on the tree, 'twas all for me.
fol - low on - ly Thee, yes, none but Thee.
f
sf
Ped.
CHORUS.
mp dolce
f :- :- | m :- :- | r :d :r | m :- :-
Ah, yes! 'twas all for me,
mp leggiero
f
la :- :- | s :- :- | f :- :m | d :- :
Ah, yes! all for me.
f con forza
Ped.
f
sf
dim. e rit.
D.S.
con 8
con 8
con 8

The Women Songsters' Page.

Life for a Look.

Words by A. M. HULL. Music by E. TAYLOR.

Key A♭. *mf* Andante. M. ♩ = 72.

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee, for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of Sin, If on Je - sus thy sins were laid, not laid? Oh, why from His side flow'd the sin - cleans - ing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent - ance, or prayrs, But the blood that a - tones for the soul, the soul; On Him then who shed it thou may - est at once Thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.
4. His an - guish of soul on the cross hast thou seen, His cry of dis - tress hast thou heard, thou heard: Then why, if the ter - rors of wrath He en - dured, Should par - don to thee be de - ferred?

cresc.

f CHORUS. *ad lib.* *mf a tempo*

Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee, for thee.

The Songster's Section.

So let our Lips and Lives express.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by OWEN H. HICKMAN A.T.C.L.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 88.

Key E♭. *mf*

1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The Ho - ly Gos - pel we pro-fess, So let our work and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pass - ion and en - vy, lust and pride: While jus - tice, temp-'rance, truth and love Our on - ward pi - e - ty ap - prove.

cresc. B♭.t. *f* f.E♭.

REFRAIN. (*After each Verse.*) *f* *poco rall. e dim.* *Fine.*

So let our lips and lives ex-press The Ho - ly Gos - pel we pro - fess.

mp QUARTET.

2. Then shall we best pro - claim a - broad, The hon - ours of our Sav - iour God; When His sal - va - tion reigns with - in, And grace sub-dues the pow'rs of sin.
4. Sal - va - tion bears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope, The bright ap - pear - ance of our Lord; And faith stands lean - ing on His Word.

cresc. *mf* D.S.

Come, Thou All-inspiring Spirit.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY. Music by BEETHOVEN.

Adagio e dolce. M. ♩ = 60.

Key F.

1. Come, Thou all - in - spir - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - 'ry long - ing heart! Bought for
2. If Thou gav'st th'en - larg'd de - sire Which for Thee we ev - er feel, Now our
3. Give us qui - et - ly to tar - ry Till for all Thy glo - ry meet, Wait - ing,
4. Wrest - ling on in might - y pray'r Lord, we will not let Thee go, Till Thou

us by Je - sus' mer - it, Now Thy bliss - ful Self im - part; Sign our un - con - test - ed par - don, Wash us
pant - ing souls in - spire, Now our can - cell'd sin re - veal; Claim us for Thy hab - i - ta - tion; Dwell with -
like at - ten - tive Ma - ry, Hap - py at the Sav - iour's feet. Keep us from the world un - spot - ted, From all
all Thy mind de - clare, All Thy grace on us be - stow; Peace, the seal of sin for - giv - en, Joy and

in th'a - ton - ing blood! Make our hearts a wa - tered gar - den; Fill our spot - less souls with God.
- in our hal - low'd breast; Seal us heirs of full sal - va - tion, Fit - ted for our heav'n - ly rest.
earth - ly pass - ions free, Whol - ly to Thy - self de - vo - ted, Fixed to live and die for Thee.
per - fect love im - part; Pres - ent ev - er - last - ing heav - en, All Thou hast, and all Thou art!

CHORUS.

Pour Thy Spir - it, pour Thy Spir - it In - to this my long - ing

breast; And go on from this good hour To re - vive Thy work a - fresh.

Jesus is Coming Back Again.

Words and music by CAPT. S. E. COX. (Canada.)

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

mf

Key C.

1. There's a thought that com-fort brings midst the storms of life, Bids us rise on ea-gles' wings o'er the stress and strife; 'Tis pro-claim'd by trum-pet voi-ces While the an-gel host re-joi-ces, For the
2. We shall join the end-less song, with its glad re-frain, Swell the cho-rus loud and long—when He comes a-gain; There will be no sad re-pin-ing, When the glo-ry-clouds are shin-ing, And the
3. He will come with glo-ry crown'd in His might and pow'r, And the harps of God will sound the tri-umph-ant hour; Peace and pow'r to all be-stow-ing, Joy and glad-ness ov-er-flow-ing, For the

cresc. *f*

mf CHORUS.

Sav-iour is com-ing back a-gain.
Sav-iour is com-ing back a-gain. He's com-ing back a-gain, He's com-ing back a-gain,
Sav-iour is com-ing back a-gain.

f *mf* *cresc.*

Je-sus is com-ing back a-gain; Oh, words of cheer to the storm-toss'd soul; Je-sus is com-ing back a-gain, back a-gain.

He's com-ing back a-gain, Oh,

f

My Guest.

Words and air by COMMANDANT COLLER.

mf Giojosamente. M. ♩ = 48.

Key C.

cresc.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour is mine to-day, Dwell-ing with-in, all my life to sway; Sweet His com-
2. Where once was bond-age He brought re-lease, Tempest and strife has He chang'd to peace; Dai-ly to
3. None can com-pare with this Friend of mine, Bless-ings un-end-ing in Him com-bine; Liv-ing or

f *mp cresc.*

-pan-ion-ship all the way, My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus. He from my sins doth de-liv - er,
me do His gifts in-crease, My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus. When fierce temp-ta-tion as-sail - eth,
dy-ing I'll not re-pine, My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus. Would st thou such blessing be shar - ing,

mf cresc. *f*

He of my joy is the Giv - er; Constant His love as a riv - er, My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus.
He o'er the tempt-er pre-vail - eth, Nev-er, no nev-er He fail - eth, My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus.
Give Him pos-sess-ion un-spar - ing, Join with me now in de-clar - ing My hon-our'd Guest is Je - sus.

f CHORUS. *mf cresc.*

Glo-ry to Je-sus! glo-ry to Je-sus! Who by His blood hath re-deem'd me from sin;

f cresc. *ff*

Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! My heart He cleans-eth and dwell-eth with-in.

The Lord's Command.

Words by H. Davis.

Air by Bandmaster C. A. Sherriff. (Balham.)

f Allegro. M. ♩ = 100.

Key C.

mf *f*

1. On-ward march, ye sol-diers of sal-va-tion Strong in the strength of Je-sus Christ the Lord; On-ward march to
2. On-ward march with ho-ly zeal and mettle, With sol-id ranks a-gainst the ranks of hell; Ful-ly train'd and
3. On-ward march, the Lord of hosts is with you, He'll help you fight the hosts of hell and sin; Day by day sup-

f G.t.

con-quer ev-'ry na-tion, And win a world of re-bels back to God. On-ward march, no flinching or re-treat-ing,
dis-ciplin'd for bat-tle, A might-y host of King Imman-u-el. On-ward march, be he-roes for the Sav-iour,
-plies of grace He'll give you, And in His strength the bat-tle you shall win. On-ward march till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd,
1.—3. On-ward, sol-diers of sal-va-tion,

cresc. f.C. *ff*

With firm un-daunt-ed cour-age face the foe; On-ward march in Je-sus name de-feat-ing The
Do no-ble deeds, ye war-riors brave and true; Then you'll gain His lov-ing smile and fa-vour, And
Till all the world is brought to Je-sus feet, Till all woe from ev-'ry heart is ban-ish'd, And
On-ward march to save the world.

f CHORUS. *cresc.*

might-y hosts of wretched-ness and woe.
get re-ward-ed at the great re-view.
Je-sus king-dom is on earth com-plete.
On-ward march with flags un-furl'd! On-ward march to

ff *rall.*

save the world! March-ing on the lost to bring To the feet of Christ the King.

The Young People's Page.

The Children's Marching Song.

Words and music by DEPUTY-BANDMASTER R. NUTTALL. (Blackpool.)

Moderato. M. ♩ = 116.

8va

mf leggiero

Key G.

mf

1. We are Ju - nior sol - diers and we're sing - ing all the day,
2. Some - times Sa - tan tempts us, but we nev - er need to yield,
3. So we'll al - ways trust Him while we sing our hap - py song,

loco

mf

Sing, Sing, mf

Sing a hap - py marching song, Sing a hap - py march - ing song; Sing - ing keeps our hearts a - float and
Sing a song of vic - to - ry, Sing a song of vic - to - ry; Then we prove that God is near His
Sing our bright and hap - py song, Sing our bright and hap - py song; Till we meet a - bove in heav'n a -

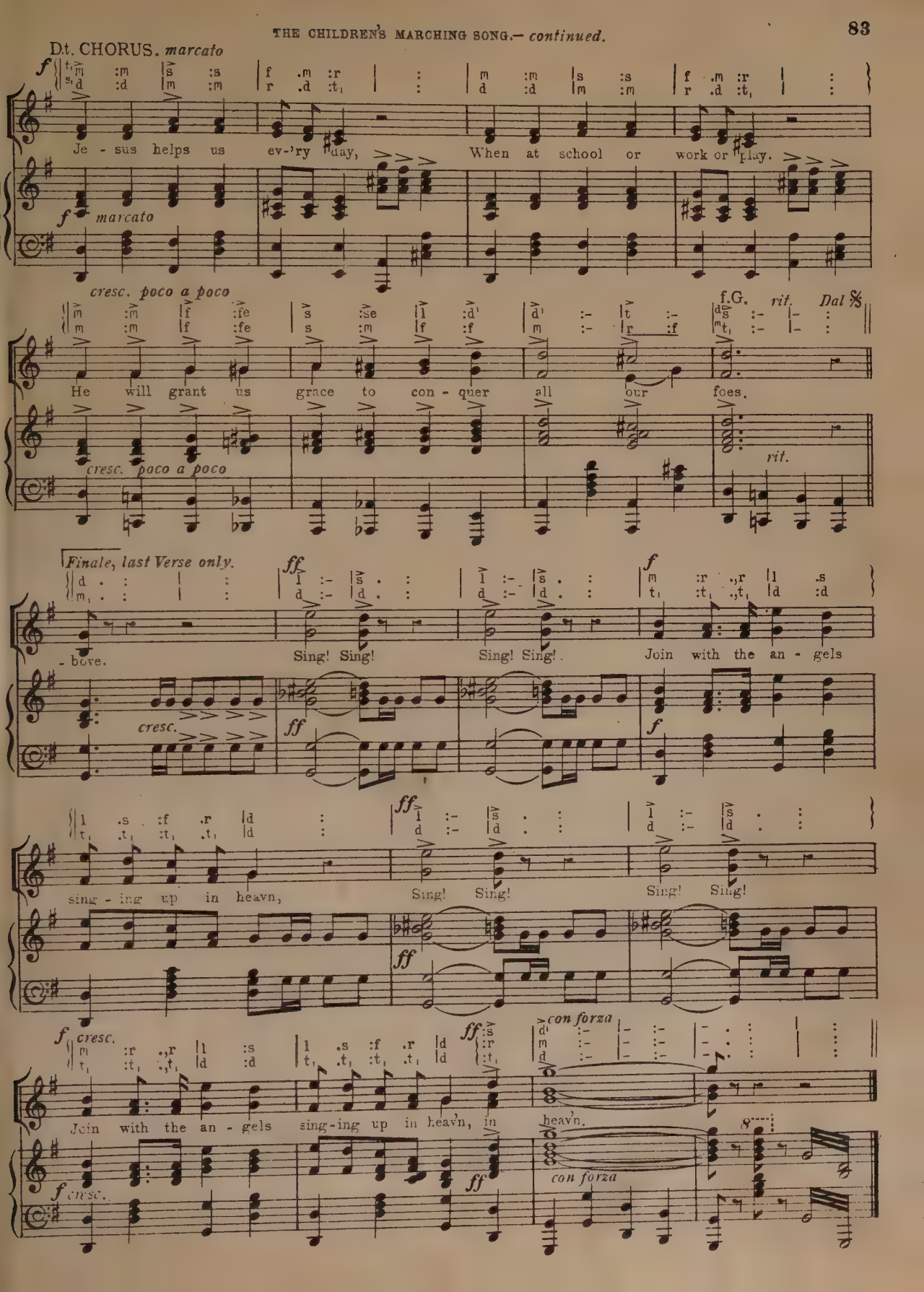
mf

Fine for 1st and 2nd Verses.

Sing - ing to His name.
f Shield His lambs from sin.
Sing - ing up a -

cheers us on our way, Sing - ing songs of praise to His name.
lit - tle lambs to shield, Shield His lit - tle lambs from paths of sin.
- mongst the hap - py throng, Sing - ing songs with an - gels up a -

f


Dt. CHORUS. marcato
Je - sus helps us ev-'ry day, When at school or work or play.
marcato
cresc. poco a poco
f.G. rit. Dal %
He will grant us grace to con - quer all our foes.
cresc. poco a poco
rit.
Finale, last Verse only.
- bove. Sing! Sing! Sing! Sing! Join with the an - gels
cresc.
sing - ing up in heavn, Sing! Sing! Sing! Sing!
con forza
Join with the an - gels sing-ing up in heav'n, in heav'n.
cresc.
con forza

I Love to Tell the Story.

Words by Miss Hankey. Music by W. G. Fischer.

Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 66.

Key A♭.

mp *cresc.*

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More won - der-ful it seems Than all the gol-den
3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis plea - sant to re - peat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry: For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and

mp *cresc.*

glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry: Be-
fan - cies Of all our gol - den dreams, I love to tell the sto - ry: It
tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry: For
thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry: I

mf

- cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As no - thing else can do.
did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

mf CHORUS. *cresc.* *f*

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To

rall.

tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

Christ is Sufficient.

Words by COMMANDANT C. COLLER. Air by BRIGADIER A. BONDAM. (Holland.)

Andante. M. ♩. = 42.

Key C. Lah mode

mf Solo, or all Trebles. *f* Tutti. *mf* Solo

1. Why should I shun the pleasures of earth? Je-sus for me is suf-fi-cient; Have I no place for
2. Of ma-ny things once sweet to the eye, Je-sus for me is suf-fi-cient; 'Tis now so ea-sy
3. What mat-ters then po-si-tion or fame? Je-sus for me is suf-fi-cient; I'm saved and kept by

f Tutti. Quartet if desired. *mp cresc.* *mf*

in-no-cent mirth? Christ is suf-fi-cient for me, for me. Why am I so cold to things which of old More
self to de-ny, Christ is suf-fi-cient for me, for me. The world had a charm, which seem'd to dis-arm, No
His precious name, He is suf-fi-cient for me, for me. And all has been well since He broke the spell, And

mp cresc. *f* Tutti. A.t.m.l.

precious than gold ev-er seem'd to be? 'Tis certain-ly strange, and whence is the change? Christ is sufficient for me!
need for a-larm there ap-peard to be; And yet I can say sin-cere-ly to-day, Christ is sufficient for me.
en-ter'd to dwell in my soul set free; And that is just why so hap-py am I, Christ is sufficient for me.

f Allegretto con brio. M. ♩. = 56.

A-way, a-way with world-ly de-light, Je-sus for me is suf-fi-cient; My
joy, my stay for morn, noon and night! Christ is suf-fi-cient for me, for me.

The Soloist's Page.

Unmeasured Love.

Words by ENSIGN EDGAR DIBDEN.

Music by the late BANDSMAN PERCY SWINFEN. (Lieut. R.A.F.)

Con affetto. M. ♩= 63.

Key A♭.

mf :s,

Our

f

m :- .m re .m :f .m s :- .r r :- .r l :-.m m .d :r .m s :- .l m :- .m

God look'd on the world with pity - ing eye, This hu - man race so blighted with their sin; He

mf

m :-.m re .m :f .m se .se l |- l, :l, .l, s.d.f.C♭. d l .,l :d' |-.d' :t .l A♭.l.m.t. m s, :- |- *a tempo* *f* :s

long'd, by love, them from their sin to win, And gave His Son for them, for them to die. This

rall.

s .,m :m |-.s :ta .ta l .s :f |- :- .m r .,r :r .r r .r :m .r de :- |- :

Son left all the glories of the sky, And came to live on earth the lost to save,

f a tempo

f *mp* *rall.*

He came the lost to save; His life He gave up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry, For me.

f *mp* *rall.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

mp

Such love our fin-it[illegible] will

mf *mp*

cresc. C.t.m.l.r. r.s.d.f.Ab *f* *mp*

nev-er grasp, That Christ, the pure, should suf-fer; Oh, what love! 'Tis

cresc. *f* *mp*

cresc.

more, far more than we can com-pre-hend; His sa-cri-fice can nev-er be sur-pass'd.

cresc.

p *ad lib.* *rit.*

Come, Lord, and fill our hearts with Thy love, We plead and claim Thy pure love Here to prove.

p *colla voce* *rit.* *dim.*

Ped. *

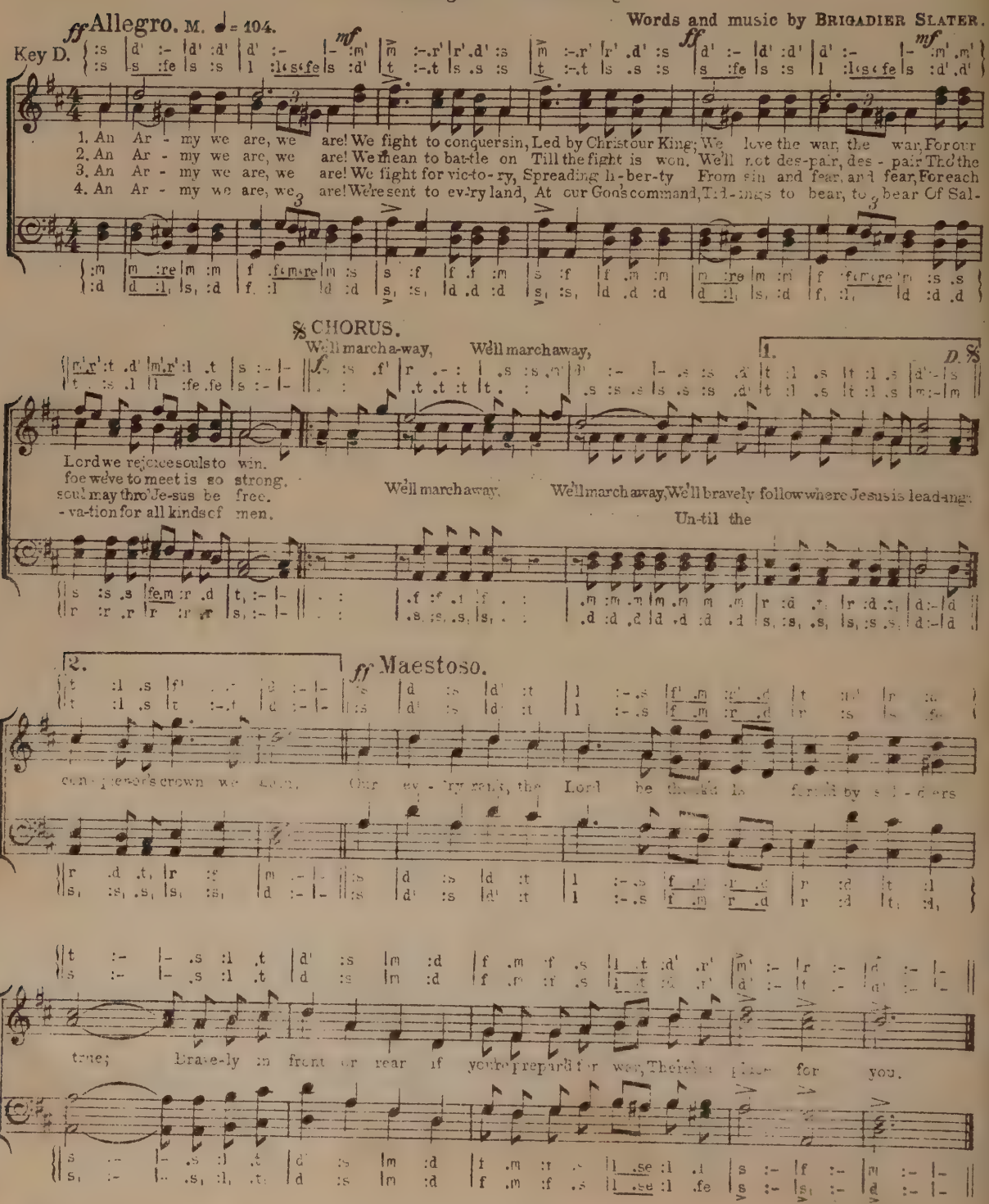
The Bandsmen's Page.

A Place in the Army for All.

An old Favourite.

Re-arranged as a Band Song.

Words and music by BRIGADIER SLATER.



The Songsters' Section.

Exalt Him!

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro con brio. M. ♩= 96.

Key B♭.

Ex - alt Him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise, In loud, ex - alt - ed numbers, While heav'n and earth re - plies. The brook that murmurs light - ly, The bird in sil - ver lays, Pro - claim our Great Cre - a - tor, And gen - tly speak His praise. Ex - plies. The crystal drops that lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And from the bow of prom - ise, With ev - er var - ied hue; The ra - diant stars that glis - ten, Like an - gel eyes a - bove, Are messengers of gladness, That tell His wondrous love, That tell, that tell His won - drous love.

Org.

f.B♭. f Dal 2. mf

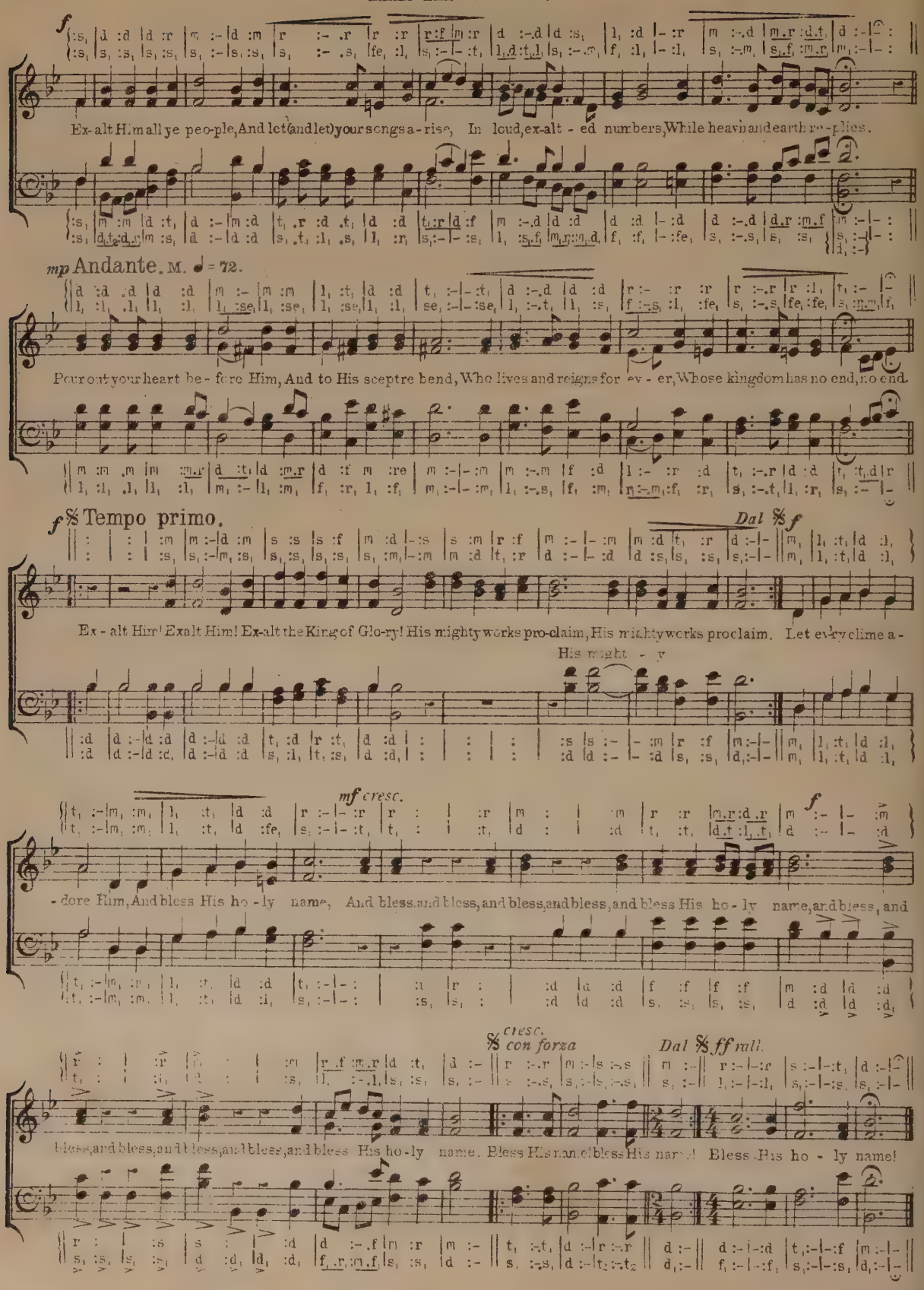
mp cresc.

cresc. F.t. mf Male or Female voices as desired.

Org.

cresc. f f Tutti. f.B♭.

EXALT HIM.— *continued.*



Yes, for Me.

Words and air by BRIG. PLAYLE.
Harmonized by R. S.

Key E. *mf* Moderato. M. ♩ = 88. *cresc.* *f*

1. That my sin and curse and shame Might be blot-ted from my name, Je-sus on the cross was slain;
2. Tho' my sins be scar-let red, Thou canst bruise the Ser-pent's head; For Thy blood for this was shed,
3. From my eyes the scales now take, Let me see that Thou didst make Full a-tone-ment for my sake,
4. While I trust, be-hold I see Je-sus dy-ing on the tree: Hear Him say "It was for Thee,"

mf CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.

Yes, for me! Yes, for me!
Yes, for me! Yes, for me!
Yes, for me! Yes, for me!
Yes, for me! Yes, for me!

Oh, let the cleansing riv - er Flow o'er my heart to - day, to-day!

Oh let the cleansing riv - er Cleanse me while I pray, I pray, So that in me Thy like - ness

cresc. *f*

May re - flect - ed be, And that in all my deal - ings, The world may Thy spi-rit see.

Tenderly Bending.

Words by MRS KENT. Music by ENOCH KENT.

Andante e grazioso. M. ♩. = 48.

Key A♭.

1. Tender-ly bend - ing, With love con-de - scend - ing, Christ speaks to my soul, "Oh, wilt thou be
2. Patient-ly wait - ing, With love un-a - bat - ing, To win me to Him, And free me from
3. His love ac - cept - ing, Now peaceful-ly rest - ing, The fu-ture un - known, Yet light will be

Tender-ly bending, With love con-de-scending, Christ speaks to my soul "Oh,

whole? My blood for thy heal - ing, My par-don thee seal - ing, And riches of
sin. My rest-less-ness ceas - es, Sin's grip He re - leas - es, I kneel in the
shown. His help nev - er fail - ing, O'er ill grace pre-vail - ing, Up-on me His

wilt thou be whole? My blood for thy heal-ing, My par-don thee sealing, And

CHORUS.

grace For all thy need.
light, Cleans'd and made whole.
hand Rest - eth for good.

God speaks from a-bove His

rich - es of grace

mes - sage of love, With un - bound - ed yearn - ing, My poor heart not spurn - ing; Wher -

- ev - er I move, with glad-ness I prove The love of my cru - ci - fied Sa - viour.

The Land of Glory.

Words and air by ENSIGN POLLOCK.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 84.

Key G.

1. There's a land of brightest glo-ry, so we say, Where the saints from trib-u-la-tion ev-er
2. Je-sus died to save poor sin-ners, now we say, He is wait-ing here to take your sins a-
3. Not a doubt my soul can trou-ble, for I know All my sins are gone, my heart is white as

so we say,

stay; There are joys no tongue can tell, there no sin can ev-er dwell, There's a
-way; Lay your bur-den at His feet, all your needs He now can meet; He can
snow, He has giv'n me love and peace, from my bond-age brought re-lease, Now my

ev-er stay

CHORUS.

place for you as well, so we say
give you joy com-plete, still we say,
joy shall nev-er cease, this I know.

Of what joy for us to know we to

so we say.

f.G.

We shall

storms of life are o'er;

see our Saviour dear Praise Him for His goodness here, And we'll crown Him Lord and King for ev-er more.

crown Him King for ev-er-more.

Singing of the Lamb.

Words and music by A. W. Howard.

Allegro. M. ♩ = 104.

Key D.

mf

High o'er earth glad sounds are ring - ing, Waft - ed from the Glo - ry - land,
Bright - er grows the song, and loud - er Rolls the grand, ec - sta - tic strain;
But in heav'n the song is sweet - er, And it's beau - ty ful - ly known;

cresc. *f*

E - choes of the tire - less sing - ing Of a ran - som'd pil - grim - band.
Heav'n a - while has grown the proud - er Of her Lord, the Lamb once slain.
Joy ce - les - tial throbs the great - er, While the sing - ers crowd the throne.

f CHORUS.

I shall join the song su - per - nal, When be - fore the bless - ed throne I am, I am;
I shall join the song su - per - nal, When be - fore the throne I am;

mf cresc. *f*

Gath - er'd with the choir e - ter - nal, Singing, ev - er sing - ing of the Lamb.

Why Not?

Words by A. E. Webber.

Music by Bandsman J. H. Gray.

Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 66.

Key E♭.

1. Long at thy heart's door Je-sus has been knocking, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in? Thou
2. Thou oft hast spurn'd Him and His love re-ject-ed, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in? Turn'd
3. All His blest gifts in sin-ning thou hast squander'd, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in? Sad,
4. For thy re-turn-ing Je-sus now is wait-ing, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in? From

hast for years at His call been mock-ing, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in?
from Him thy face and thy soul ne-glect-ed, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in?
sad is thy state, far from Him you've wan-der'd, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in?
sin-ning, oh turn, no more hes-i-ta-ting, Sin-ner, why not let Him in, let Him in?

CHORUS.

Why not let Jesus in, let Him in? Why not bring Him thy sin, bring thy sin? Why not own Him as King? Oh,

why should He still be an Ab-sent Guest? Why not give Him thy heart, give thy heart? Why not from sin de-

-part, from sin de-part? Why not come as thou art? Tho' sin-sick and wea-ry in Him there is rest.

The Young People's Page.

Lead the Children to Jesus.

Words and air by ALEC GREIG.

mf Allegretto. M. ♩= 56.

Key D.

1. Oh, come let us gath-er the chil-dren in, And save them from Sa-tan's snare; For ma-ny there are in the paths of sin, In need of our love and care.
2. Oh, come let us gath-er the chil-dren in, For such is our Mas-ter's will; And He in His love their young hearts would win, And save them from ev-'ry ill.
3. Oh, come let us gath-er the chil-dren in, From e-vils that would de-stroy: To draw them a-way from the Sav-iour's love, The tempter doth arts em-ploy.

cresc.

And while they are still in their ten-der days, Un-fet-ter'd by years of sin, Lead them in love to the Saviour's arms, Oh! gather the chil-dren in.
The Dev-il with sub-tle al-lurement tries To ru-in their lives while young; Sin's gild-ed pleasures would blind their eyes, Ere they life had well be-gun. Lead the children to
To res-cue them out of the e-vil hand Who would their de-struction bring; Use ev-'ry ef-fort in Je-sus's name, Oh! gather the chil-dren in.

f *mf* CHORUS.

cresc.

Je-sus, Out of the ways of sin, of sin, From the toils of the temp-ter, Help us their souls to win; Think of them in your ser-vice, Remember them in your pray'rs; Lead the children to Je-sus, Save them from Satan's snares.

A.t. f.D. *f*

to win;

your pray'rs;

Jesus is Passing By.

Words and air by BANDSMAN J. GREIG.

Allegretto con grazia. ♩. = 44.

Key E♭. *mp* B♭.t.

1. Glo-ri-ous news we bring, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Oh, let the mes-sage ring,
2. Swell the glad news in song, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Tell it both loud and long,
3. Mes-sage of hope to all, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Now to the Sav-iour call,

f. E♭. *cresc.* *mf*

Je-sus is pass-ing by; Pass-ing with life and hope, To all who are doom'd to die;
Je-sus is pass-ing by; Bringing the light of life, To all who in dark-ness lie;
While He is pass-ing by; Soon it will be too late For Je-sus to hear your cry;

f passing by; *mf*

Bring-ing sal-va-tion to all who will hear, Je-sus is pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
Hast-en to meet Him, oh, do not de-lay, Je-sus is pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
Make haste to meet Him while yet there is time, Je-sus is pass-ing by, pass-ing by.

mp CHORUS. Piu mosso. M. ♩. = 52. *cresc.*

Who will go out to meet Je-sus? Why do you fur-ther de-lay, de-lay?

mf

Go forth to greet Him, hast-en to meet Him While He is pass-ing this way, this way.

The Soloist's Page.

The Flag.

Words and music by DEP. B. M. ALLEN. (Rugby.)

Key Ab. *mf* Alla marcia. M. ♩ = 104.

1. As an Army we now march to war, But 'gainst sin it is our cannons roar; A flag have we, a banner of the free, With
2. "Blessed are the pure in heart" we read, They shall see their God in ve-ry deed; The bor-der of our Flag you see is Blue, A

mf

cresc. *f* *mf poco meno mosso*

prin-ci-ples so no-ble tho' they are but three. There's the crim-son back-ground, symbol of the blood, Which the
sym-bol this of pu-ri-ty in life all thro'. Then the fie-ry star in cen-tre which you see, Has a

8va *loco* *f* *mf poco meno mosso*

cresc. *f a tempo*

Sa-viour shed for us, O precious flood! Which does re-deem From sin, and bring into men's heart's a heav'nly gleam
pur-pose in it, lis-ten now to me, The Ho - ly Ghost, Who pur-ges ev-ry one who joins the heav'nly host.

cresc. *f a tempo*

f CHORUS.

The Ar-my Flag, the Ar-my Flag, The blood-red Flag, the blood-red Flag; Don't let it droop, don't let it droop, but wave it

mf *f*

higher, but wave it higher; For pu - ri - ty, for Blood and Fire, Thus stands our Flag.

The Women Songster's Page.

Jesus lives with Me.

Words by F. W. Fry. Arranged for Female Voices by A.G.

mf Allegretto. M. ♩ = 60.

Key C.

m .f :s .l | s .m' :d' | t .r' :l .d' | s :- | m .f :s .l
d .r :m .f | m .s :s | f .f :l .l | s .f :m | d .r :m .f

cresc.

1. I am hap - py all the day; Je - sus lives with me. Trav - 'ling on the
2. When I was con - demn'd to die, Je - sus died for me. God in mer - cy
3. From the stains of in - bred sin, Je - sus saves me now; From the pride that
4. Saved my - self, to free the slave, For - ward I will go; On, the lost to

d .d :d .d | d .d :m | r .r :f .f | m .r :d | d .d :d .d

s .m' :d' | t .r' :l .t | d' :- | *mf cresc.* m' :r' .d' | t .r' :s
m .s :s | s .s :fe .f | m :- | s :s .s | s .s :f

heav'n - ly way, Je - sus lives with me. In dark - ness He is nigh,
heard my cry; Je - sus died for me. His wrath He turned a - way,
lurk'd with - in, Je - sus saves me now. With ev - 'ry foe turned out,
seek and save, For - ward I will go, Fight till the vic - 'try's won

d .d :m | r .t, :r .s, | d :- | d :r .m | f .f :r .t,

l .d' :t .d' | r' :- | *f* m' :r' .d' | t .r' :s' | fe .l :m' .r' | s :-
m .m :fe .fe | s :- | s :s .s | s .t :r' | l .fe :fe .fe | s :f

God in all I see; Guid - ing with watch - ful eye, Je - sus lives with me.
Set my spir - it free, En - a - bled me to say, 'Je - sus died for me!'
Je - sus saves me now, Now I can sing and shout, 'Je - sus saves me now!'
O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Then when my work is done, I to Heav'n will go.

d .l, :r .d | t, :- | d :r .m | r .s :t | r .r :d .d | t, :-

mf CHORUS. *cresc.* *f* *rall.*

m .f :s .l | s :- | t .d' :r' .m' | r' :- | m' .r' :d' ,d' :- | t .l :f' | m' .,d' :r' .,t | d' :-
d .r :m .f | m :- | s .l :t .d' | t :- | d' .t, :d' ,s :- | f .s :l | d' .,s :s .,s | s :-

With a conscience clear, Sav'd from doubt and fear, I am hap - py safe, and free, Je - sus lives with me.

d .d :d .d | d :- | s .s :s .s | s :- | d .r :m ,m :- | r .de :r | s .,m :f | .,f .,r | m :- d :-

The Songster's Section.

The Story that Brought me to Tears.

Words and music by SONGSTER-LEADER O. COOKE.

mf Moderato con espress. M. ♩ = 76.

Key F.

1. I heard the sto - ry won - der-ful As far in sin I went, My wea - ry heart had
2. It brought to mind a suff - 'ring Lord, As - sail'd with spite and scorn, The sol - diers spear, the
3. And now that sto - ry I'll re - peat, To oth - ers make it plain How great the price on

hard-ened grown, My feet were down-ward bent; It was the sto - ry of the cross, The
thorn - y crown, Those hands and feet nail - torn; I list - en'd, and I heard it told, That
Cal - v'ry paid, Their par - don to ob - tain; My heart is fixed, my choice is made, I'll

cresc. *f*

tale of Cal - v'ry's hill; It touch'd a chord that long had si - lent been, Its beau - ty charms me
dy - ing was for me; And though I'd long un-heed-ed mer-cy's call, That sto - ry found out
cher - ish nought but this, That Je - sus sought and found me while I was An en - e - my of

still; It touch'd a chord that long had si - lent been, Its beau - ty charms me still.
me; And though I'd long un-heed-ed mer-cy's call, That sto - ry found out me.
His; That Je - sus sought and found me while I was An en - e - my of His.

CHORUS. Allegretto. M. ♩ = 126.

mf

The sto - ry that brought me to tears, to tears; The sto - ry that brought me to

cresc.

tears, to tears; 'Twas the won - der - ful love of a Friend so kind, Who

f

left hea - vens glo - ry the lost to find On the moun - tains of sin, of

On the mountains of sin, of

mf *cresc.*

sin; Their Sav - iour He came to be, to be; It broke my hard

sin;

f *rit.*

heart, made the tear - drops start, When the sto - ry was told to me, to me.

Leaning on Jesus.

Words and air by BAND-SECRETARY ALEC. GREIG.

mp Allegretto. M. ♩ = 112.

Key G.

1. I have a per - fect hid - ing place, Shel-tered am I by His sav - ing grace;
2. Tho' dark and drear my way may be, I will not fear while my Lord I see;
3. What tho' the storm-clouds o'er me break, My trust in Je - sus it ne'er can shake;
4. There is no pow'r can me o'er - throw, While He is with me I fear no foe;

cresc. *mf*

Safe and se - cure from all a - larms, I'm kept while I lean on my Sa-viour's strong arms.
His presence bears a won - drous charm, I've peace, per-fect peace, while I lean on His arm.
I will not fear the fierc - est storm, For I am se - cure while I lean on His arm.
For there is nought can work me harm While trust-ing - ly lean-ing on Je - sus' strong arm.

mf CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩. = 56.

cresc.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, He is my all in all, Lean - ing on
Lean-ing, yes, lean-ing on Je-sus my Sav-iour, He is my all, my all in all, Lean-ing, yes lean-ing on

dim. fall; *cresc.*

Je - sus, He will not let me, let me fall; Lean - ing on Je - sus, No -
Je-sus my Saviour, He will not, will not let me fall; Leaning on Je-sus, yes, lean-ing on Je-sus, Nothing, no

f

- thing can harm, can harm, What e'er may come I am safe while I lean on my dear Saviour's arm,
no-thing can harm, can harm,

Sounds of Salvation.

Words and air by DEP. B. M. PARFITT.

mf **Moderato.** M. ♩ = 76.

Key G.

1. How gra-cious the sounds of sal-va-tion we hear With powr and with purpose to-day! A message of mer-cy, a
2. He'll sprinkle clean wa-ter up-on you to-day, He bids you to wash and be clean; Your ma-ny transgressions shall
3. With sor-row remembring the wrongs you have done, A loath-ing for sin must ob-tain, Repentance must follow con-

f *mp cresc.*

call to re-pent, To all who are wand'ring a-stray. In Dav-id's house, now a fountain is op-en'd,
be blot-ted out, As sure, tho' they ne-ver had been. Cer-tain to you is the gift of His Spir-it,
-vic-tion, then faith The way of sal-va-tion makes plain. "Come un-to Me, I will heal your back-slid-ings,"

mf

From all uncleanness to make free, make free; Giving to all who will wash in its waters, Full pardon, peace and li - ber-ty.
He'll take away the heart of stone, of stone; Fashion your soul to His per-fect example, And make your heart like to His own.
List as He calls you from a-bove, a-bove; Je-sus in-vites you a feast to be sharing, A feast of ev - er - last-ing love.

f **CHORUS. Piu mosso.** M. ♩ = 84. *cresc.*

He will sprinkle clean wa-ter up-on you to-day, And cleanse ev'ry stain from your soul, from your soul; His

2nd CHORUS. Now He sprinkles clean wa-ter up-on me to-day, And cleans-es each stain from my soul, from my soul; His

Spir - it He'll give you to com - fort and cheer, And wit - ness that you are made whole.

Spir - it He gives me to com - fort and cheer, And wit - ness that I am made whole.

The Gift of God.

Words and air by LIEUT-COL. CLOUD.

mp Allegretto. M. ♩. = 46.

Key G.

1. The Fa - ther gave His on - ly Son, Re - veal'd Him - self to me; A
2. The Fa - ther gave His on - ly Son, To pay the price for me; He
3. The Fa - ther gave His on - ly Son, My foes to o - ver - throw; Christ
4. Thro' Christ I see my Fa - ther's love, A - ton - ing for my sin; Op -

cresc. *dim.*

God of love right from a - bove, From sin to set me free.
dealt with death and sin and hell, To give me li - ber - ty.
fought and con - quer'd them at last, That I God's love should know.
- ning a new and liv - ing way, That I may walk there - in.

mf CHORUS.

The Di - vine - cre - at - ed plan, Christ dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree; Sal -

cresc. *f* *rit. e dim.*

- va - tion for ev - 'ry man, His Spir - it re - veal'd it to me.

Oh, Touch me once Again.

Words by ENSIGN M. R. WELLINGTON. (Australia.)

Music by E. N. SARGENT.

mp Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 92.

Key F.

1. I'm long-ing, dear Lord, for the heav-en-ly touch, And Thou art the Au-thor and Giv-er of such; I
2. Thou didst touch I-sai-ah with heav-en-ly coal, My great-est de-sire is, O Lord, touch my soul, And
3. A-noint me for ser-vice oh, fill me with love, Oh set-tle up-on me, Thou Heav-en-ly Dove; Thy

need it for ser-vice, I need it so much, Oh, touch me once a-gain, once a-gain!
o'er ev-'ry im-pulse, O God take con-trol; Oh, touch me once a-gain, once a-gain!
pow-er I'm crav-ing, the fire from a-bove, Oh, touch me once a-gain, once a-gain!

cresc. *f* *rall.* f. F.

CHORUS. *a tempo*

mf

Oh, touch me once a-gain, a-gain, Oh, touch me once a-gain, a-gain!

rall.

Oh, touch me once a-gain!

Lord, come this hour, En-due me with pow'r; Oh, touch me once a-gain!

Sing of that Beautiful Land.

Words and air by MRS SAGE. (Bristol)

Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 60.

mp Key A♭.

cresc.

1. When from dear ones we are part-ed, And our hearts are fill'd with pain, fill'd with pain, 'Tis so sweet to know that
2. And by faith I stand and lin - ger, Near those gates thrown o-pen wide, o - pen wide, Where the blood-wash'd all may
3. If our hearts are pure and ho - ly, And our robes are spot-less white, spotless white, We may en-ter thro' those

mf

some day We shall meet our lov'd a - gain, a-gain. In that land of wondrous beau-ty, Where there is no pain, no care.
en-ter, No one e'er shall be de-nied, de-nied. And I hear the an-gels mu-sic, As they strike their harps of gold.
por-tals, To the ci - ty fair and bright, and bright. Then we'll join the heavnly chorus, With our lov'd ones ev-er near.

CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩. = 52.

f *mf*

Sad-ness will be chang'd to glad-ness, Death will never en - ter there.
Oh, my soul is fill'd with rap-ture, When heavn's glories I be - hold.
Then we'll walk with Christ our Sa-viour, By the stream of love so clear.

Sing me a song of that beau-
Sing, oh sing me a song of that beau-

cresc. *f*

ti-ful land, While at its por - tals in fan - cy I stand; Its gates of pearl
- ti-ful, beauti-ful land, While at its portals, at its portals in fan - cy, in fan-cy I stand; Its gates, its gates of

so glor - ious I see, And there my Sa - viour wait - ing for me.
pearl, its gates so glorious I see, yes, I see, And there my Sa-viour, waiting for me, wait - ing, yes, waiting for me.

for me.

Jesus my Friend and Helper.

November 1918.

The Verses may be taken either as a duet or trio for Equal Voices.

Words and music by BANDSMAN S. J. OSBORNE. (Dartford.)

mf Moderato con espress. M. ♩ = 104.

Key C.

mp

1. Je - sus a Friend so dear to me, He for me died on Cal - va - ry;
2. Je - sus. my Light, so pure, so bright, Pierc-ing the dark - ness of the night;
3. Je - sus. my Guide, so good, so true, Lead-ing me all life's jour - ney through;

mf *mp cresc.* *poco rall.* *mf*

Je - sus a Friend in time of need, A Friend in need, He's a Friend in - deed.
Je - sus my Light, a gleam - ing ray, Show-ing me ev - er the Heav'n - ly way.
Je - sus a Guide of ten - der love, Guid - ing me Home to the land a - bove.

Full Brigade.

mf CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩ = 116.

cresc.

Je-sus my Friend and Help - er, He is my light and song; Guarding me from all dan - ger,

and song,

f *mf cresc.*

Keep-ing me from the wrong; Je-sus my lov - ing Sav - iour, He is my faith-ful

wrong, from the wrong He keeps me;

f

Guide; Lead-ing me home to Glo - ry, There with Him to a - bide.

faith-ful Guide;

The Soloist's Page.

The Saviour's Mission.

Words by MAJOR RUTH TRACY. May be sung as a Solo or Duet. Air "Ave Sanctissima."

mp Moderato con espress. M. ♩. = 44.

Key E♭.

s :- :- |s :l :t |d' :- :s |s :- :s |m :- :s |s :f :r |m :- :- |- :- :
m :- :- |m :f :r |m :- :m |m :- :m |d :- :m |m :r :t, |d :- :- |- :- :

1. Hearts full of pain to heal Our bless - ed Sav - iour came,
2. Je - sus does sat - is - fy, The wrong He does put right,

mp *molto legato*

s :- :- |s :l :t |d' :- :- |s :- :s |s :- :m |s :- :t, |d :- :- |- :- :
m :- :- |m :f :r |m :- :- |m :- :m |m :- :d |t, :- :t, |d :- :- |- :- :

Bind the sin - wound - ed, And lib - er - ty pro - claim.
His pow'r is giv - en To them that have no might.

p

f :- :- |r :m :f |s :- :f |m :- : |f :- :- |r :m :f |s :- :f |m :- :
r :- :- |t, :d :r |m :- :r |d :- : |r :- :- |t, :d :r |m :- :r |d :- :

Love did His heart con-strain, Ere we His love had known;
Each need His love can meet With bless - ings day by day;

p

m :- :m |m :- :- |m :- :r |r :- :d |f :- :- |s :- :t, |d :- :- |- :- :
d :- :d |d :- :- |d :- :t, |t, :- :d |t, :- :- |t, :- :r |m :- :- |- :- :

He each heart asks a - gain To be His own.
He their joy makes com - plete Who watch and pray.

CHORUS.

mf

d' :- :- | s :- :s | s :- :f | f :- :m | m :- :- | m :r :de | de :- :r | r :- :
m :- :- | m :- :m | m :- :r | r :- :d | d :- :- | l, :- :l, | l, :- :s, | f, :- :

Je - sus, our hearts are Thine, Friend of all friends most dear;

mf

mf

f :- :- | s :- :r | m :- :f | s :- :s | s :m :- | - : :s | f :t, :- | d :- :
r :- :- | t, :- :t, | d :- :r | m :- :m | m :d :- | - : :m | r :r :- | d :- :

Help us for Thee to shine, Be ev - er, be ev - er near.

mf

mp

f :- :- | r :m :f | s :- :- | m :- :m | r :- :r | r .m :f :t, | d :- :- | - :- :
r :- :- | t, :d :r | m :- :- | d :- :d | t, :- :t, | t, .d :r :r | d :- :- | - :- :

Je - sus has suf - fered, Sharp thorns have pierced His brow:

mp

f :- :f | r :m :f | l :- :- | s :- : | s :- :- | t, :- :t, | d :- :- | - :- :
r :- :r | t, :d :r | f :- :- | m :- : | r :- :- | s, :- :f, | m, :- :- | - :- :

Life to all is of - fered, Pray for it now.

The Women Songsters' Page.

Fight on for Jesus!

Words by G. J. Webb. Music by F. Abt.

Allegretto. M. ♩ = 100.

ff *ad lib.* Key A.

Fight on! Fight on! Fight on! Fight

ff colla voce *f*

a tempo

on, fight on for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross! Lift high His ro - yal ban - ner— It must not,
on, fight on for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the

mf *cresc.*

must not, must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till
next, the next the vic - tor's song: To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be; He

mf

l.d.f.C. *f cresc.* A.t.m.l. *ff*

ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd And Christ is Lord in - deed.
with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. Fight on! fight on! fight on! fight

cresc. *f* *cresc.* *ff*

Fine. *mf* 1st Treble.

on! Fight on, fight on for Je - sus! The

sf *mf*

Alto. 2nd Treble

trum - pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y con - flict In this His glorious day. With

cresc. *f* Tutti.

loy - al hearts now serve Him, A - gainst un-num-bered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And

cresc. *f*

ff *ad lib.* *D. S al Fine.*

strength to strength op - pose. Fight on! fight on! fight on! Fight

ff colla voce

The Songsters' Section.

Love Triumphant.

Words and music by ENOCH KENT.

Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 104.

Key C.

1. God lov'd the world that His pow'r had made, A world that had gone a - stray; And when the darkness of sins deep shade Ob-
2. Not by the pow'r of His might-y arm, Nor thunders that roll thro' space; Nor by a mes-sage of dread a - larm A-
3. Just like the rain to the thirst-y ground, Or dews of a sum-mer's morn, Came the refresh-ing, and man has found New

- scur'd the light of day, Love saw the heart of man-kind afraid, As he trod life's toilsome way; Cloth'd in the vesture of
- cross the sky's dark face: But by a pow'r like a summer's calm, When the sunbeams' gold-ints trace; Come love a-bundant with
hope - ly promise born, Hearing love's call with an upward bound, Hearts on wings of faith are borne. God's love redeeming, the

CHORUS. Maestoso. M. ♩ = 116.

hu-man aid Christ the mind of God dis - play'd.
wondrous charm, Seeking men with boundless grace. Love tri-ump-hant, ri-deth on to vic - to - ry; So we
triumph sound! Souls are looking to the dawn.

vic-to-ry;

sing of the Cross, that doth gain e'en by loss; Oh, the tri-umph of Cal-va - ry. of Cal-va-ry; Love tri-umphant,

Nought can stay it's vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry; Reaching east or the west, north and south, Lo! the best of the world now own love's sway.

Never lose Heart.

Words and music by SONGSTER-LEADER F. FAWCETT. (Accrington.)

Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 116.

Key E.

1. Nev - er lose heart when storms a-round you gath - er, Nev - er lose heart when all is dark and drear;
2. Nev - er lose heart when you are dis - ap - point - ed, Nev - er lose heart when dearest friends for-sake;
3. Nev - er lose heart when lov - ing ones are ab - sent, Nev - er lose heart for God is with them still;
4. Nev - er lose heart but face the fu - ture bold - ly, Nev - er lose heart, a - mid the dark-ness shine;

Al-ways re - mem-ber Christ your lov-ing Sav - iour... Waits to fill your heart with comfort, hope and cheer.
Take ev - 'ry trou - ble to the blest Re - deem - er, Bear your burdens cheerful-ly for Je - su's sake.
Trou-ble no more, but leave them in His keep - ing, Naught shall e'er be - fall them on - ly by His will.
Nev - er lose heart, but like the Psalmist Da - vid, Keep a cheer-ful heart, sing praises all the time.

CHORUS. Allegretto. M. ♩ = 100.

Nev-er lose heart, nev-er lose heart; Nev-er lose heart when things seem go - ing wrong;

Like the Psalmist Da-vid, keep a cheer-ful spir - it, Bless the world a-round you with your hap - py song.

Baptize me with Thy Holy Fire.

Words by A.W. HEATH.
(Bristol Divisional Songsters.)

Music by BANDMASTER G. MARSHALL.

mp Moderato con espress. M. ♪ = 112.

Key E♭.

1. Je - sus, of ten - der - est, in - fin - ite love, Come in - to my heart from Thy throne a - bove; My
2. Je - sus, Thou lov - er of souls kind and true, So help-less I feel that for heal-ing I sue; For
3. Cleans'd by Thy blood, sure I know I shall rise Quite free from my sin to that home—Par-a - dise; By
4. Yea, to my heart, Lord, I feel Thou hast come, My sins are for-giv'n and my bur-den's all gone; To

cresc. *dim.*

soul's deep-est need, oh, do not des-pise, But cleanse me just now and Thy pow'r let me prove.
years I have grieved Thee, oft I've de-ceived Thee, Come now, dear Lord, and my spir - it re - new.
faith I'll a - scend, ac - cept of my plea, Come Je - sus, and give me com - plete vic - to - ry.
tell out my sto - ry will be my glo - ry, Je - sus I promise Thy will shall be done.

CHORUS. L'istesso tempo.

p *cresc* *dim.*

Bap-tize me with Thy Ho - ly Fire, Fill me with love, my heart in - spire;

cresc. *dim. e rall.*

Bap-tize me with Thy Ho - ly Fire, Oh, give me the grace and the pow - er I need.

All that Pass By.

Words by WESLEY. Music by BRIG. R. SLATER.

mf Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 92. *cresc.* *f*

Key B♭.

1. O all that pass by, To Je-sus draw near! He ut-ters a cry— Ye sinners, give ear! From hell to re-trieve you, He
2. If an-y man thirst, And happy would be, The vi-lest and worst May come un-to Me; May drink of My Spir-it, Ex-
3. Who-ever re-ceives The life giv-ing word, In Je-sus be-lieves, His God and his Lord, In him a pure riv-er Of
4. My God and my Lord, Thy call I o-bey; My soul on Thy word Of promise I stay: Thy kind in-vi-ta-tion I

mf

spreads out His hands, Now, now to re-ceive you He gracious-ly stands; Now, now to re-ceive you He gracious-ly stands.
-cept-ed is none, Lay claim to My mer-it, And take for his own; Lay claim to My mer-it And take for his own.
life shall a-rise, Shall in the be-liev-er Spring up to the skies; Shall in the be-liev-er Spring up to the skies.
glad-ly em-brace, A-thirst for sal-va-tion, Sal-va-tion by grace; A-thirst for sal-va-tion Sal-va-tion by grace.

The Heavenly Theme.

Words by DR. WATTS. Music by W. RUSSELL.

f Maestoso. M. ♩ = 88. *f*

Key C.

1. Be-gin, my tongue, some heav'n-ly theme, A-wake, my voice, and sing, A-
2. Tell of His won-drous faith-ful-ness, And sound His pow'r a-broad, And
3. Pro-claim sal-va-tion from the Lord For wretch-ed, dy-ing men, For
4. En-grav'd as in e-ter-nal brass The might-y prom-ise shines, The
5. Now shall my faint-ing heart re-joice To know Thy fav-our sure, To

mf *cresc.* *f*

-wake, my voice, and sing The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e-ter-nal King.
sound His pow'r a-broad, Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace, And the per-form-ing God.
wretch-ed, dy-ing men; His hand has writ the sa-cred word With an im-mor-tal pen.
might-y prom-ise shines; Nor can the powrs of dark-ness rase Those ev-er-last-ing lines.
know Thy fav-our sure; I trust the all-cre-at-ing voice, And faith de-sires no more.

Wound-marks.

Words and air by ADJT. E. BENTLEY.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 50.

Key B♭.

1. I've been think-ing much of hea-ven our fu-ture home of love, And I won-der'd as I thought up-on the
2. As I ponder'd o'er those wound marks the tears be-gan to flow, And the shame of guilt came steal-ing ov - er
3. I would choose to bear those wound marks in my bo-dy for my Lord, And His fel-low-ship in suff-ring would I

scene, on the scene, Should we find a-mong the glor-ies of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Some-thing
me, ov - er me, For I trem-bled as I thought of what hu - man - i - ty had done When the
know, would I know, For since I may share the glo - ry I would al - so share His Cross, I would

mp poco meno mosso

man had done to win the Lord's es - teem, es - teem, So I read a-gain the sto - ry of the
Lord was nail'd up - on that curs - ed tree, curs-ed tree, Then the vi - sion chang'd so swift - ly, and the
fol - low in His foot-steps here be - low, here be-low, When I close my earth - ly jour - ney I would

mf a tempo

Lamb be - fore the throne, Stand-ing in the midst as tho' He had been slain, been slain, And I
Sav - iour came to me, And my sor - row turn'd im - med-iate - ly to joy, to joy, And I
join the ran-som'd throng, With ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand voi - ces sing, voi - ces sing, "Bless-ing,

re - al-ized with sorrow that the on - ly work of man, Are the marks up-on the Lord whom he had slain, he had slain.
un-der-stood that moment the true meaning of those wounds, For I'd found the peace which nothing can des-troy, can des-troy.
hon-our, glo-ry, pow-er, to the Lamb up-on the throne, By those wounds Thou didst for all re-demption bring, didst bring."

CHORUS.

p *ad lib.* *mp a tempo* *f* *mf*

There are spear-marks, scourge-marks, thorn-marks, nail-marks; Sin-ful man had made them ev-'ry one, ev-'ry one; From those

rall.

spear-marks, scourge-marks, thorn-marks, nail-marks, Flow'd the blood which doth for sin a-tone, for sin a-tone.

Witnesses for Jesus.

Words by ADJT. W. D. PENNICK. (Ceylon.) Music by MAJOR GOLDSMITH.

mf Moderato. M. ♩ = 60. Key F. C.t. *cresc.*

1. We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the home and in the mart, Where the pride of life and
2. We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the haunts of sin and shame, In the un-der-world of
3. We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the lands be-yond the sea, Where the mil-lions bound by

f.F. *f*

fash-ion Crowd the Sav-iour from the heart. Where we urge His claims with wis-dom,
scor-row, Where they sel-dom hear His name. CHO. In the high-ways, in the bye-ways,
Sa-tan Have no hope of li-ber-ty. CHO. In the high-ways, in the bye-ways, Or in

1. Where we urge His claims with wis-dom, Ma-ny
2. For to bind the bro-ken-heart-ed And their
3. As we preach the gos-pel tid-ings, Lo! the

rall. 2nd time. D.S.

Ma-ny choose the bet-ter part; We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the home and in the mart.
Or in lands be-yond the sea; We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus Where-so-ev-er we may be.
lands be-yond the sea; We are wit-ness-es for

choose the bet-ter part; We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the home and in the mart.
li-ber-ty pro-claim; We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the haunts of sin and shame.
cap-tives are set free; We are wit-ness-es for Je-sus In the lands be-yond the sea.

The Young People's Page.

The Call to Duty.

Life-Saving Guard Song.

Words by Asst. Guard-Leader O. House. (Cardiff 1st Troop.) Music by G. Ambrose.

mf Allegro con spirito. M. ♩ = 96.

Key C.

1. Rea-dy at God's ser-vice we will ev - er be, And in ev-'ry du-ty we must all a-gree;
2. Guard-ing soul and bo-dy from the sub - tle foe, In the love of Je-sus, we may dai - ly grow;
3. In this might-y con-flict all our strength ex - ert, We sa-lute our Leaders as we stand a-lert;

mf

cresc. *f*

As we dai - ly fol - low Je-sus Christ our King, We shall learn to con-quer and with joy-ful voi-ces sing.
We may all be use-ful we must live to bless, Speak a kind and cheer-y word to com-rades in dis-tress.
We'll be brave and dar-ing, prov-ing day by day, What a priv-i-lege is ours to speak or sing, or pray.

cresc. *f*

ff CHORUS in Unison. *f*

Rouse to arms! let none stand i - dle, Du - ty's call o - bey;

ff

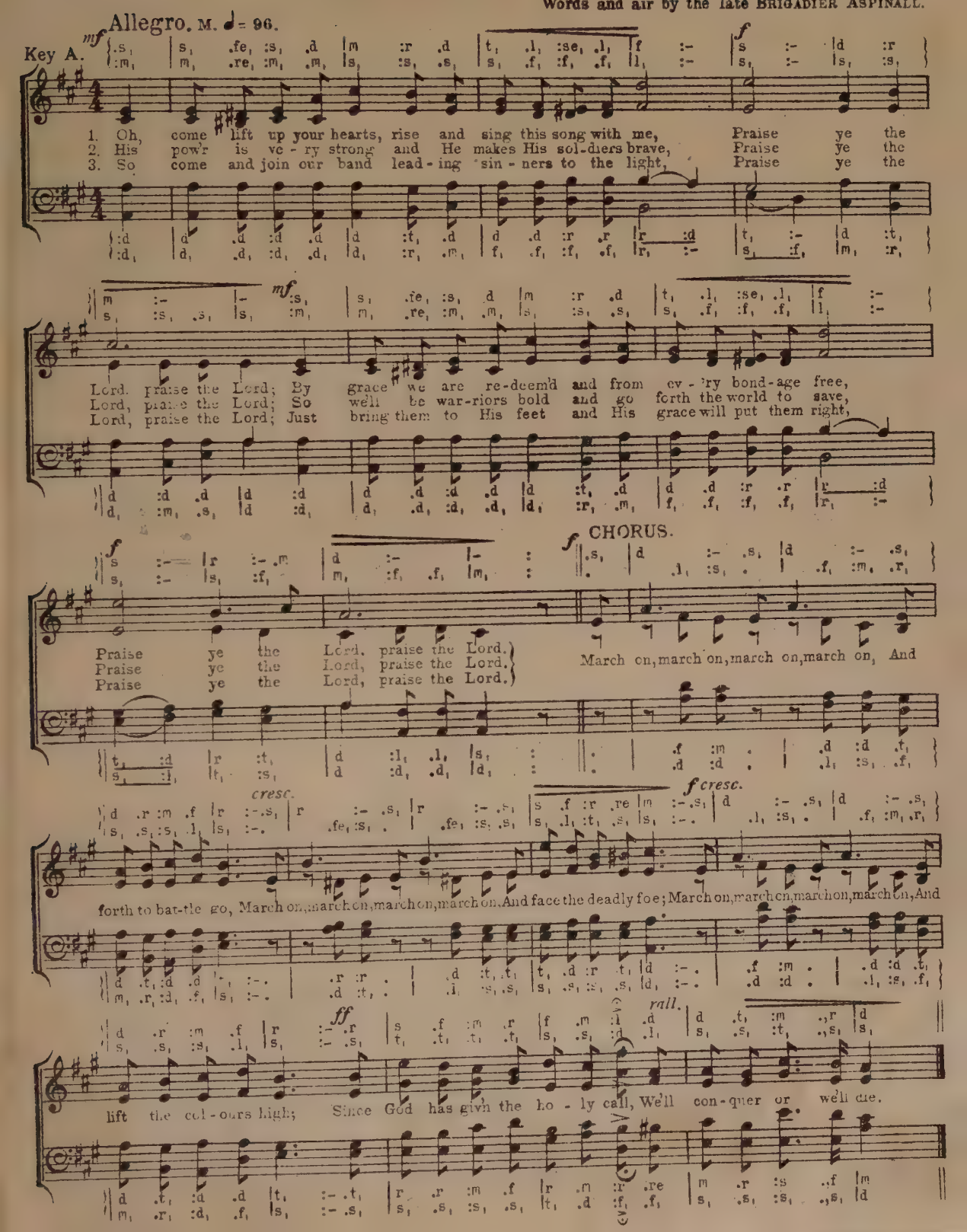
cresc. *ff*

We're the Girls' Life - Sav - ing Guards of the great S. A.

cresc. *ff*

Forth to Battle go.

Words and air by the late BRIGADIER ASPINALL.



The Soloist's Page.

My Frail Barque Guide.

Words by Mrs A. S. Lynn. (Luton. II.) Music by Bandmaster G. Marshall. (South Shields.)

Key Eb. Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 66.

mp *cresc.*

1. O Sav - iour dear, my frail barque guide, E'en when life's sea is
2. O Sav - iour dear, when storms a - rise, And fill my tremb - ling
3. When waves are roll - ing high and dark, And lightnings flash and
4. O Sav - iour dear, if Thou shouldst take From off the helm Thy

mf *cresc.* *mp* *cresc.*

smooth and bright; For gent - lest waves at times may hide Some lurk - ing dan - ger from my sight.
heart with fear, When fades the light from out the skies, Oh, let me feel Thee doub-ly near.
thun - ders roar, Oh, Je - sus, guide my toss - ing barque, And cheer me till the storm is o'er.
guid - ing hand, Left to my - self I could but make A wreck and ne'er could gain the land.

mf

mf CHORUS. *con moto*

By day by night my frail barque guide Thro' calm or storm, O Sav - iour dear; For
(After last Verse.) But I can trust Thee still to guide Thro' calm or storm, O Sav - iour dear; And

mf con moto *p*

p *cresc.* *mf* *lento e dolce*

well I know what - e'er be-tide, I'm on - ly safe whilst Thou dost
well I know what - e'er be-tide, I'm al-ways safe when Thou dost

cresc. *mf* *ten.* *dolce* *e dim.* *ten.* *colla parte* *ten.*

Verses 1 to 3. D.S. *Last Verse only.*

steer. steer.

D.S.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Lord, Here am I!

Verses by F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music, and words of Chorus, by COL. F. W. PEARCE.

mp Andante con espress. M. ♩ = 69.

Key D.

cresc.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, may speak In liv - ing e - choes of Thy tone;
2. O strengthen me, that, while I stand, I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, may teach Thy pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;
4. O fill me with Thy ful - ness, Lord, O Lord, Un - til my ve - ry heart o'er - flow

mf *cresc.* *f*

As Thou hast sought, hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
I may stretch out, stretch out a lov - ing hand To wrest - lers with the trou - bled sea.
And wing my words, my words, that they may reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.
In kind - ling thought, in thought and glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

mf CHORUS. *cresc.* *f*

Lord, here am I! Wilt Thou send me, send me? O let the man - tle of Thy grace de - scend, up - on

Lord, here am I!

mf *cresc.* *f*

me, on me! Lord, here am I! Wilt Thou send me, send me Forth as Thy messenger, O Christ? Thy mouth-piece to be.

Lord, here am I!

The Bandsman's Page.

Mercy's River.

For Piano Accompaniment see Page 132.

Words and air by BRIGADIER PLAYLE.
Arranged for Male Voices by MAJOR F. G. HAWKES.

Allegro maestoso. M. ♩ = 120.

Key C.

1. Like a mighty roll-ing sea, On it flows, on it flows; With it's heal-ing, cleansing wave That will save,
2. Here the wounded, troubled soul May find peace, may find peace; And from fet-ters hard and strong Be re-leas'd,

that will save Ev-en those by men de-spised, For He came to earth and died That we all might have sins pardoned.
be re-leas'd; For, though seed of wo-man, He, God hath said that He should be Bruiser of the ser-pent's head.

So with cor-net, horn and drum Tell the news, tell the news, That from al-ley, court and slum They may come,
So for A-dam's fal-len state, All the race, all the race Now may rise to heav'n-ly place, By His grace,

they may come; For He's made a ran-som, And secur'd sal-va-tion For the sons of men. So with sor-row
by His grace; For on Calvrys mountain, O-pen'd He a fountain, To set sin-ners free. So with hon-est-

for the past Come confess-ing your transgression Which has robb'd Him of your love, Then He will par-don.
-y of heart, Now surren-der all that hind-ers, Then your soul shall find that peace Which passeth know-ledge.

f CHORUS. *mf*

So for such a - maz - ing mer - cy, mer - cy, Which is un - de - served, We with heart and voice will sing,

f

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! For no oth - er than a King could show such mer - cy.

Where Jesus is.

Written after reading Mesopotamia letters.

Words and music by W. W. H. (7th London Regt)

Andante sostenuto. M. ♩ - 56.

mp *mf* C.t. *cresc.*

Key F.

1. There are no tears where Je - sus is, No sor - row and no part - ing kiss, For in the land where
2. There is no pain where Je - sus is, Dis - ease and sick - ness are un - known; In per - fect hap - pi -

f F. *pp poco meno mosso*

Je - sus dwells All is e - ter - nal bliss. There is no death where Je - sus is, No
- ness they live A - round the Sav - iour's Throne. There is no thirst where Je - sus is, And

cresc. *f a tempo* *mp poco rall.*

war, no bit - ter strife; For Christ is peace, For Christ is love, He is e - ter - nal life.
fa - mine ne'er is rife; For Christ is health, For Christ is joy, He is the Bread of life.

The Songster's Section.

Repeat those Joyful Sounds.

Words and music by REV. THOS. KELLY.

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Key E♭.

An-gel-ic messenger, repeat Those joyful sounds once more, For sure no ac-cents half so sweet E'er reach'd my ears before.

Allegro. M. ♩. = 48.

cresc.

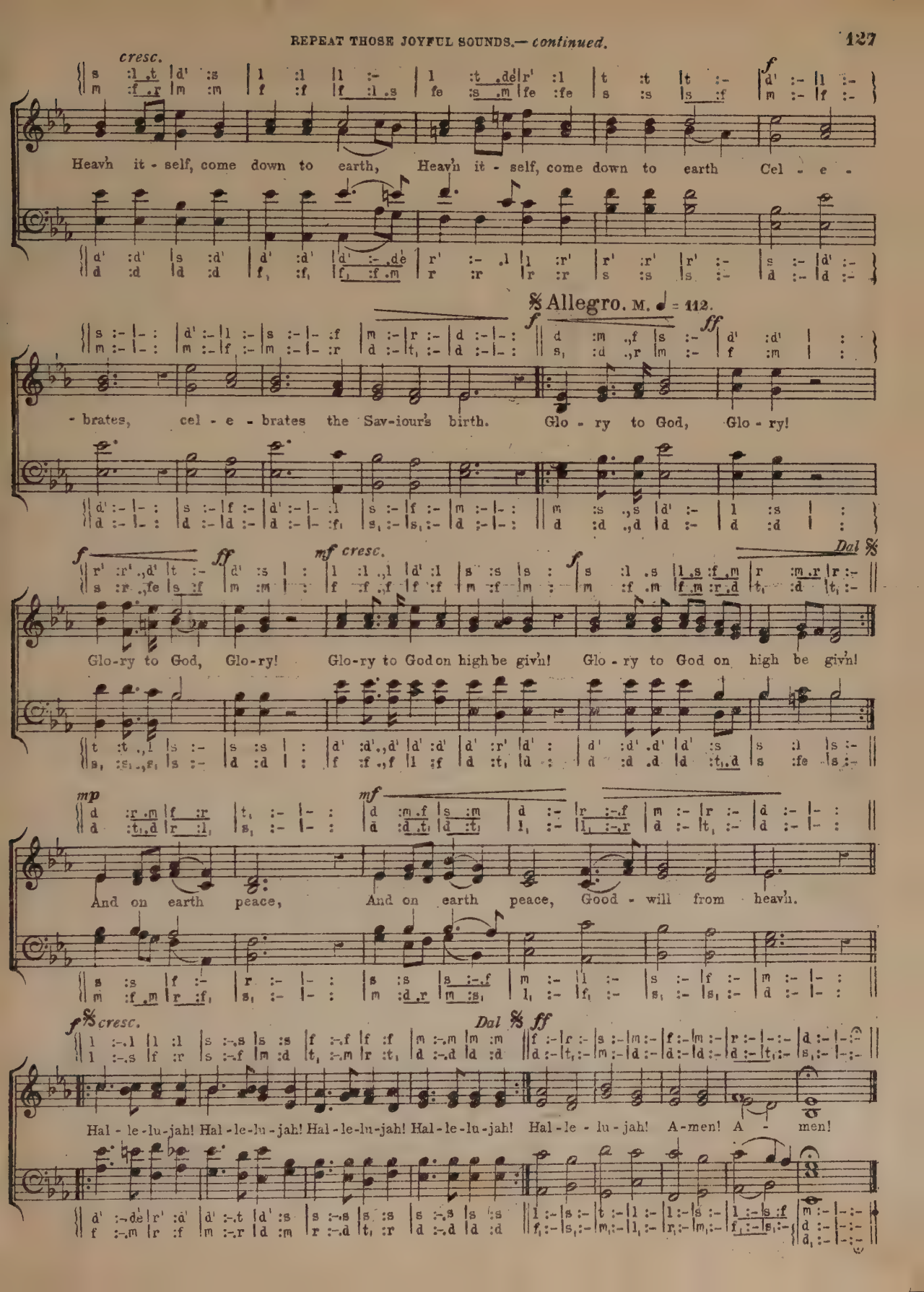
"Glad ti-dings, Glad ti-dings, Glad ti-dings from heaven I bring, Glad ti-dings to all up-on earth: This

rall.

day is Christ born to be King, This day is Christ born to be King, And Bethlehem's the place of His birth."

Moderato. M. ♩ = 72.

Sounds se-ra-phic fill the air, An-gel bands as-sem-ble there; An-gel bands as-sem-ble there:


cresc.
f
Heav'n it - self, come down to earth, Heav'n it - self, come down to earth Cel - e -
Allegro. M. ♩ = 112.
f
ff
- brates, cel - e - brates the Sav-iour's birth. Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry!
f
ff
mf cresc.
f
Dal
Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry! Glo-ry to God on high be giv'n! Glo - ry to God on high be giv'n!
mp
mf
And on earth peace, And on earth peace, Good - will from heav'n.
f cresc.
Dal ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - men!

The Angel's Song.

Words and music by SONGSTER-LEADER O. COOKE.

mf **Moderato.** M. ♩ = 76.

Key A.

1. While shepherds of old their flocks were at - tend-ing, The night shades had fal - len, cre - a - tion was still'd, When
2. Their fear and dis - may gave way to re - joic-ing, As plain to their ears came the theme of that song, So
3. A Sav - iour from sin to - day we're pro-claim-ing, Our song is the same as the song-sters of old, That

cresc. *f* *mp*

swift - ly in glad-ness the skies burst a - sun-der, And earth with the glo - ry of heaven was fill'd; Bright
won-drous-ly voic'd by the car - ols ce - les-tial, 'Twas tell - ing of right, born to baf-fle the wrong. Now
right down the a - ges has roll'd on un - ceas-ing, Its beau - ty not less-en'd by oft be-ing told Sal-

dolce *cresc.* *mf*

an - gels in tri-umph a cho-rus were sing-ing, The mu - sic, tran - scend-ant, rang out clear and strong; A
hearts that are bro-ken no long-er need sor-row, And rest for the wea - ry on earth has be - gun; The
- va - tion is free and its won-drous Cre - a - tor, Still laud-ed and worship'd on high and be - low; Tho'

cresc. *f poco rall.*

beau-ti - ful sto - ry in song they were tell-ing, A Saviour for sin-ners, long promis'd, had come.
dawn is de - clar'd of a bright-er to - mor-row, For darkness the length of its jour-ney has run.
great an - gel prais-es, our praise should be greater, Who share in de - liv-rance from bondage and woe.

CHORUS. Allegro moderato. M. ♩ = 94.

A won-drous note of praise the her-alds of the skies Are send-ing forth o'er the world with

mp E.t. *f*

glad-ness; Proclaim-ing God's best love, de-scend-ing from a-bove, To reign on earth and ban-ish

f.A. *f marcato* *cresc.*

sad-ness; Heav-ens bells now ring-ing, join the an-gel's sing-ing, Great re-

ff

-demp-tions scheme be-gan, now be-gan; Tid-ings of great joy they're bring-ing, Peace on

f rall. e dim.

earth, good-will to man, to man; Peace on earth, good-will to man.

The Song the Angels Sang.

Words and music by A.W. Howard.

Allegretto. M. ♩ = 112.

Key E♭. *mp*

1. Down-ward thro' the wea - ry a - ges Comes a glad song from a - far, 'Tis the cho - rus heard by shep-herds
2. O'er a world by con-flict riv - en, High a - bove its strife and din, Comes a - gain the old-time mes-sage,
3. May the wealth of Beth'hems sto-ry Thro' the years re-volv-ing go, Let the un - born na-tions hear it,

As they watch'd the na - tal star; Earth had nev - er known such mu - sic, Nor thro' air such
With its an - ti - dote for sin; Let us turn a - side from war - fare, With its jar - ring
And its glad-some mes-sage know; Then may pass the dark-ning sha - dows Which a - bove us

p

mu - sic rang, As the chords that fill'd the heav - ens From the song the an - gels sang.
clash and clang, And, per-chance, this Christmas morn-ing, Hear the song the an - gels sang.
sad - ly hang, And the world some Christmas morn-ing Hear the song the an - gels sang.

cresc. *mf*

𝄋 CHORUS. Allegro. M. ♩. = 52. *f*

1. D.S. 2.

Glo-ry in the high-est, Glo - ry! Sing we now as an - gels then; Peace on earth, good will to men.

Dying for me.

Words and air by MAJOR S. SPENCER.

Andante con moto. M. ♩ = 104.

mp

Key E♭.

1. For the whole world Christ died on the tree; All are in-clud-ed in mer-cy so free; But
2. Can it be true He knew ev - en me? Knew of my sin, and my deep mis - er - y? My
3. Oh! I will love Him, who first lov'd me, Love Him and praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Oh!

cresc. *f*

sweet - est of all to my heart comes the plea, Dy-ing for all men, He still died for *me!*
rea - son would fal-ter, but faith holds the plea, Dy-ing for all men, He still died for *me!*
how can I fail when my Sav-iour I see Dy-ing for all men, Yes! dy-ing for *me!*

CHORUS:

mf

Dy - ing for *me*, Dy - ing for *me*. Yes, that is the mes - sage from Calv-ry's tree. Oh,
for *me*, for *me*, for *me*.

cresc. *f*

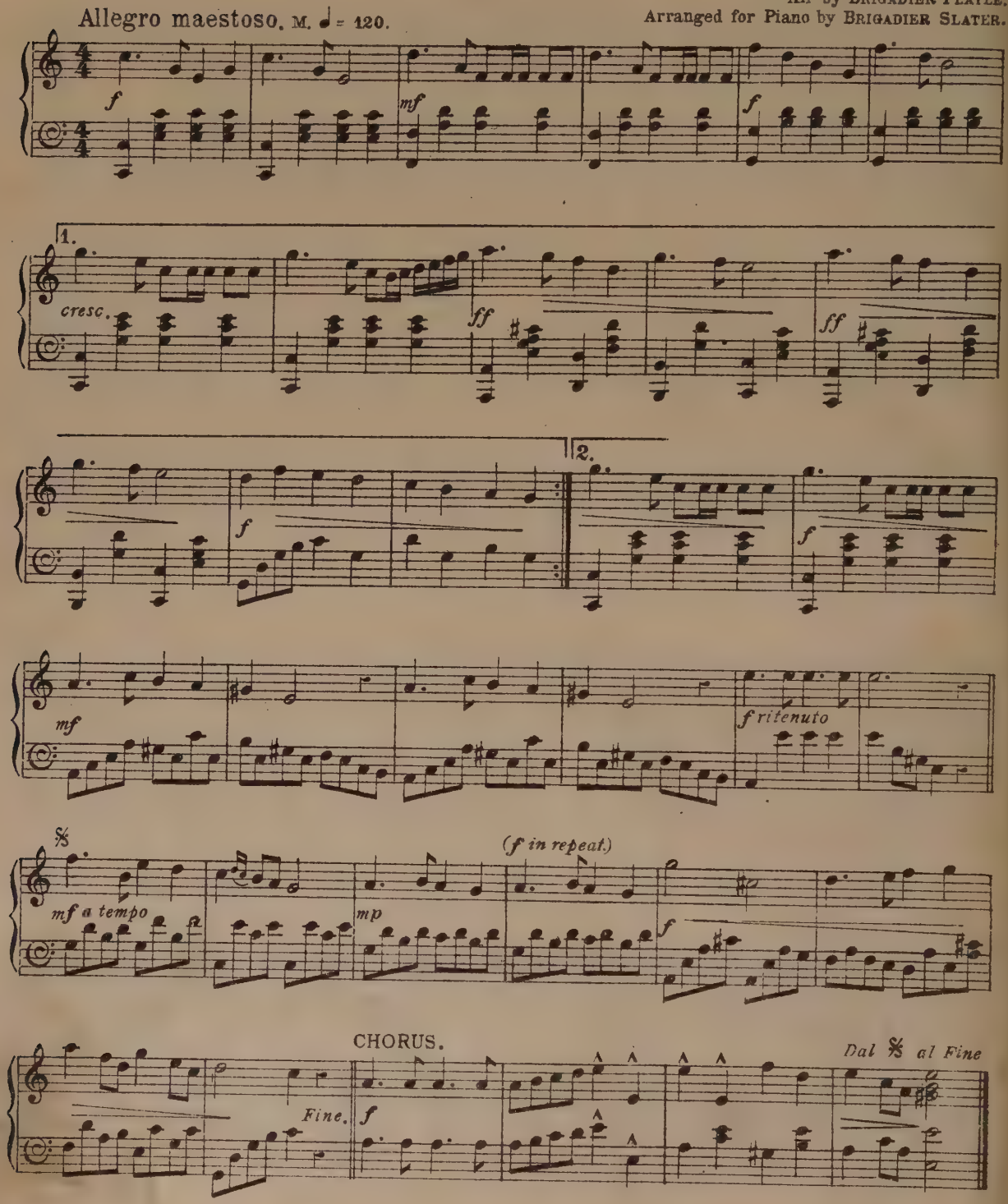
mes - sage so won-der-ful! Love so di - vine! I have be - liev'd it And lo, He is mine!

The Instrumentalist's Page.

Mercy's River.

For Piano Solo or Accompaniment to Song on Page 124.

Air by BRIGADIER PLAYLE.
Arranged for Piano by BRIGADIER SLATER.



THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR MARCH, 1918

Comments by Major F. G. Hawkes

Boundless Love. After a long interval we are glad to again place before our readers another composition by Adjutant Archie Burgess, After a careful study of this song it will be seen that the Adjutant possesses real capacity as a composer, and we venture to express the hope that this may be more often employed in the future. Because of modulations to the key of the parallel minor in two cases and a brief transition to that of the relative minor at the opening of the chorus, accidentals appear to be rather numerous, but in actual performance these will not prove to be quite so difficult as they may appear at first sight. It will be seen that the chorus section is both the longest and most important from a musical standpoint, and we think that Songster Leaders generally will not be slow to grasp the possibilities for effective singing that are here offered. We would suggest that the lower G at the end be used after verses 1–3, reserving the upper octave for the conclusion.

The Soloist's Page. Under the title of 'God our Defender,' we have here a very fine piece which is worthy of the best efforts of all soloists possessing voices of the necessary character and range. As the compass is not out of the ordinary—C to F—it may be said to be available for general use. Several transient modulations occur, but these are by no means of an extreme nature. While following on in a perfectly natural manner the rhythm of the chorus is quite distinct from that of the verse section. The melody flows on in an easy, natural manner, and if this were sung in unison by a Full Brigade of voices it would prove very effective. It could also be quickly learnt by an audience, and would soon become popular if some little trouble were taken to teach it. It will be seen that the accompaniment for piano is also of a special nature. There are a number of details that call for interpretative insight and manipulative skill. This is the kind of work that a capable player will find both attractive and effective in providing a suitable instrumental background to aid the vocalist in his efforts to convey to the hearts of his hearers the message of consolation and spiritual comfort contained in the song.

Doubt no More. Many of our comrades will be glad to have the music of this old favourite. United to this beautiful song of invitation it can be put into immediate use in Salvation Meetings by all Songster Brigades everywhere. Many will be able to sing it at sight, and in no case will a long practice be necessary to prepare it for public use. Although simple, it should be sung earnestly and in faith that the appeal will go right to the heart of the sinner and meet with a ready response.

The Bandsmen's Page. This song originally appeared, arranged for mixed voices, in the 'Musical Salvationist' for August, 1898. It is re-issued here in a re-arranged form for male voices, and we think that because of its 'catchy' nature it will be generally taken up for use in Experience Meetings or Musical Festivals. The arrangement, while interesting, is not difficult. As the melody is divided between the First and Second Tenors, care must be taken to give due prominence to the voices to which it is allotted.

Just Over the River. To such Brigades as, by reason of their limitations in regard to numbers or want of experience, are unable to effectively render the longer or more complicated pieces, this short item will prove very useful. The words appear in the Large Song-Book, No. 641, but the music hitherto has only appeared in 'Sal. Mus.', Vol. I, and as this collection has been out of print for some years the music has not been available.

The Songsters' Section.—Under the title of 'Joy and Triumph' we have a composition in the form of a vocal March. Its original arrangement was for a Brass Band, but Commandant Coller has written words which not only fit the music but are also easy to articulate so as to be distinctly heard. This is not always an easy matter with music that moves on with a quick speed and rhythmic swing, such as generally characterizes the March form. The first four bars are of a preliminary nature and form what is known as the introduction. All is straightforward in the A section, and this will not occasion much trouble in rehearsal. At letter B is a change of key, and here all voices sing in two-part harmony in the first and third phrases. This provides an effective contrast. Following this we have a repetition of the first subject, but with different words. At the close is a short two-bar Coda, with which in the repeat the piece concludes. At letter D is the trio section, and this opens with the melody allotted to the Tenor and Bass voices. See that this is made to stand out as the principal theme. Above this the Treble and Alto voices have independent parts and these sections require to be divided in such a way as to produce a well-balanced effect. Following this is another section in which the voices revert to the usual order. Indeed, the successful rendering of the whole piece largely depends upon a successful effort in this direction. The music requires to be rendered in a bright, breezy, vivacious manner, and anything like formality or stiffness will tend to rob it of these features.

The Waves are Rolling in. Many of our comrades, with a record of thirty years' service, will remember this song as being sung a good deal in the early days and, strange to say, although it had a vogue in those far-off days, this is its first appearance in the 'Musical Salvationist.' We believe it is still capable of accomplishing much good, and we advise all Songster Leaders to put it to immediate use. As the subject is 'Cleansing from all Sin,' or 'Full Salvation,' it will prove most useful in Holiness Meetings.

Jesus will be there. When we state the fact that this is another song by Captain S. E. Cox, of Canada, we are quite sure that this of itself is sufficient to direct the attention of a large number of our readers, who by now are quite familiar with that writer's earlier popular successes to this particular item. Although written in a more serious vein than some of his former efforts, we believe that this song will be universally taken up and put to effective use in Salvation and other Meetings. The chorus, which will soon become popular, is of a brighter nature, and requires to be sung at a quicker *tempo*.

Are You Ready for the Homeland. The remarks at the beginning of the previous paragraph equally apply to the writer of this piece, with the addition that our comrade, Oliver M. Cooke, established his reputation many years ago and has maintained his position with a steady supply of effective original songs for a very lengthy period. That there is no sign of failing powers or deterioration this song bears distinct evidence, and we believe the verdict of many will be 'one of his best.' The plain, direct questions asked in the chorus will surely go right to the heart and conscience of the sinner and demand an immediate answer, we trust, in hundreds of cases. Let the song be sung with this supreme purpose in view and it will accomplish untold good.

Jesus! Lover of my Soul. Among the many tunes that have become identified with this universally known set of words, that given here has also established itself in popular affection. For this reason many of our subscribers will be glad to have it for Songster Brigade use Although the air is so well-known, it is rarely sung correctly in regard to time values and is often sung in quite an *ad libitum* style. We suggest it will be much more effective if sung correctly.

The Young People's Page. If we mistake not this song will soon become a favourite with our Young People as it contains, at least, two features that make for popularity with that section of our work, viz., a melodious, easy air, and a well-defined rhythm. Teach this to the Young People and they will sing it with great gusto and enjoyment.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR APRIL—MAY, 1918

Comments by Major F. G. Hawkes

Anywhere. The first item of this issue is a song by Bandsman J. Greig, now of Coventry. This comrade is the author of a considerable number of original songs, some of which have become very popular. This is laid out on easy lines and the melody is of a bright, 'catchy' nature. The chorus can be quickly learned and should become popular in a short time. The words, too, can be easily committed to memory. The latter point is important so far as congregational singing is concerned. The song will not occupy much time in working it up for public use.

The Soloist's Page. As there are not a very large number of Solos in our publications specially suitable for Bass or Alto voices, this item should prove very acceptable to soloists of that category. Here we have a charming melody by Mozart, to which words have been specially written by our valued contributor Enoch Kent. The music will not prove difficult to sing, but a certain flexibility of voice is called for, and it should be sung with great expression. Only an ordinary range is used in the main, but at the end the lower part of the register is requisitioned. The accompaniment for Piano, while by no means elaborate, requires to be played with delicacy and taste.

Come, Every Soul. The well-known congregational tune, 'Abridge,' is here set to Song No. 100 in the Large Song-Book. Any other set of C.M. words could, of course, be used, and as many of our comrades have a great regard for tunes of this class, it should prove useful for many purposes and on many occasions.

The Bandsmen's Page. Under the title of 'Salvation Music' we have a song of the ballad type that relates the story of a backslider's restoration. The composer is Deputy-Bandmaster Allen, of Rugby, now on military service in France. Naturally, neither of the verses can be omitted in the rendering, otherwise the sequence of events referred to as the story unfolds will be broken. The Solo could be taken by a singer possessing a voice of medium range and the Chorus by either a Male Voice Quartet or a larger group. The Solo requires to be rendered with a certain amount of freedom and, of course, the greatest care should be taken to sing the words clearly so that the story can be easily followed. The Chorus will be quickly learned, and if this is sung with a good rhythmic swing and the various marks are well attended to it will prove quite effective.

Oh, Cleanse Our Souls. Here we have another short piece, to complete a page, of the hymn-tune type. This is a great favourite with many, and as it has been included in a recent issue of the 'Band Journal' it will, undoubtedly, be used for congregational purposes. By providing a vocal version our Songsters are thus able to supplement the Bands' efforts in introducing this tune to Army audiences.

The Songsters' Section. The first piece in this section is a composition by the American writer, J. McGranahan. Although neither so long nor complicated as many pieces that have appeared as the initial item of this section, we believe the majority of our Songster Brigades will find this a very appropriate and effective composition. The words are, in the main, scriptural quotations, and this, of course, adds to their power. The verse section is quite short and very easy, and, if desired, this could be taken as a quartet. The Chorus is both much longer and more elaborate in its structure, but throughout the parts are quite easy to read and sing. The independent parts add interest to the music and a close observance of the various dynamic signs will greatly increase its effectiveness. We suggest that the small notes at the end in the Soprano part be used only after the last verse.

When the Tide Comes In. The author of this song, Brigadier E. H. Joy, is well known to many readers of our musical Magazine by virtue of the fact that he has contributed to its pages for a good many years past, and while not quite so prolific, perhaps, as some others he keeps at it. Some write one or two songs and then their fount of inspiration appears to fail them. It will be seen that this is not the case with the Brigadier, for, in our opinion (which, we think, will be shared by many), this is one of his best efforts up to date, and we shall be much surprised if this song is not taken up all over the country and eventually becomes a great favourite. The verse is considerably longer than the ordinary song, and during its course we meet with a good amount of variety in the arrangement. In bars 8-12 the Alto and Bass voices are tacit for four bars, and later on the women's voices are divided into three parts while all the male voices rest, for a similar period. This disposition makes for variety and interest and will, we think, be fully appreciated. The Chorus, too, presents several interesting aspects, as, for instance, the moving parts in the Bass and Tenor voices against the long sustained notes in the upper parts. The *crescendo* climb to the climax on the pause chord will prove arresting if well built up. Although laid out on somewhat more ambitious lines in regard to form than is usual it is by no means a difficult piece, and it should be available for public use by the average Songster Brigade.

Home, Rest, and a Crown. A well-known part-song by an old English composer is here united to a set of words by Commandant Windybank. This is a song that can be used by practically every Songster Brigade, as the music is quite simple and straightforward The larger and more efficient Brigades should not pass it by on that account, for it is worth the careful efforts of the best groups. It is hoped that it may be universally taken up and eventually pass into use for congregational purposes. The music will fit any D.C.M. set of words.

A Song of Salvation. The words of this song are among the best known and most used in The Army, and here we publish them with the original setting. The use of this music will add fresh interest to the words, seeing that they are practically always sung to the one melody.

The Young People's Page. An old favourite is here presented for use in our Y.P. Work. Both music and words are good and efforts should be made to get this song in use everywhere. As the harmony and the general arrangement is good it should prove very suitable for use by Y.P. Singing Companies.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR JUNE, 1918

Comments by Major Goldsmith

Most of our readers will have learned by this time that 'The Musical Salvationist' is now to be issued quarterly, instead of monthly, until further notice, and already many comrades have expressed to us their regret that this step should have become necessary. Well, it is one more inconvenience which we shall have to suffer on account of war conditions, and which we must bear cheerfully, praying at the same time that the day may not be far distant when peace conditions shall be restored.

I will extol Thee. It will be seen that we have in this first piece a setting to three verses of Psalm cxlv., and the music provided is vigorous and spirited, easy to learn, and not taxing to sing, so that the full intent of the song may be felt by the hearers, and we trust cause them to join the singers in the expression of their praises to God. The Brigade must follow the force marks closely and keep right up to the indicated speed.

The Soloist's Page. There is nothing in this song, 'The Lost Sheep,' which can in any way be called difficult, and yet it is worthy of the attention of all soloists who desire to sing to bless the people. Ensign Werner is a new contributor to our pages, but the setting of Brigadier Hadden's verses is of a character which gives us every hope of receiving further pieces from her pen in the near future. Comrades taking up this solo should first master the meaning of the words before passing on to the interpretation of this through the medium of the music. If this is done, the song, if well rendered, will surely be successful.

The Women Songster's Page. The words of the song, 'A Prayer for Comfort,' appeared some years ago in 'The War Cry,' and were evidently preserved by our old and valued contributor, Oliver Cooke, for the purpose of setting music to them. This he has done in the piece before us, and the comrades for whom it is specially prepared, will find it a song very suitable to their requirements, giving scope for good vocal work, as well as opportunities for directing the hearts and minds of our people to God the Author and Giver of all comfort.

The Songsters' Section. The chief place in this section is given to a setting of the shortest Psalm—the cxvii.—under the title 'Merciful Kindness.' No difficulty will be experienced with the first period, which is thirty bars in length, and is for Full Brigade. Good, full tone must be the outstanding feature here. There are a number of independent entries which must be carefully, yet confidently, attacked. See that the crochets in bars 11 and 12 are given full value, and that the Basses at bars 24 and 26 sing their part boldly. The following section is in the form of a Duet, which may be sung by Treble and Alto, or Tenor and Bass soloists, or, if the Conductor desires, it can be taken by all the Trebles and Altos. It should be given a smooth and very expressive rendering, due consideration being accorded to the clear enunciation of the words and the interpretation of the various dynamic indications. The last section is marked *maestoso*, and this provides a cue to the spirit in which it should be sung. All efforts can be directed to the proper rendition of the music, for the simple words will give no trouble whatever. Good, forceful, but not rough tone should characterize the singing here, and a big, full climax attained at the last two bars.

The Work of the Holy Spirit. Commandant Coller provides a good song upon a subject not very often treated in our pages. We feel sure it will commend itself to almost all Brigades, because of the ease with which it can be mastered, as well as its general usefulness. The chorus might be quickly taught to a congregation, and become very popular in Holiness Meetings.

Drifting to Death. Another constant friend of 'The Musical Salvationist' furnishes here a song which should prove especially valuable in Salvation Meetings. It is a song of warning to the sinner, expressed in words which cannot fail to arrest attention if clearly pronounced, and backed up by simple, but fitting music. Also we again have a chorus which will be popular if a little trouble is taken with it.

Sing to Jesus. This is not a new song, for it is known to many of our comrades, although this is the first time that it has appeared in an Army publication. The arrangement before us is quite within the range of all Brigades, and in many Meetings would, if well rendered, be an acceptable item. It has a special message for the present time.

Hallelujah! We shall Conquer. Many readers will recognize in this piece an old favourite which was at one time often used. It should be sung with vigour and boldness and with a certain amount of emphasis on the 'Hallelujah!' To render it at a slower speed than the metronome mark would be to spoil the song, therefore, keep a good swing in it, as befits such an old war song.

The Hour of Prayer. All will agree that the words of this song by a well-known English writer are fine, and the simple, though beautiful, music, suits them excellently. It will be seen that the second verse is to be taken by a Soloist, and for variety the first verse might be taken by a Quartet, the Full Brigade taking up the last verse. In the hands of a capable organist the short introduction and finale can be made quite effective.

Shall we know each other? Here we have another song containing a message for the people at the present time, especially for those who have lost loved ones. It is an old song which appeared in the first volume of 'Salvation Music,' but it is apparently not very well known. Its revival in 'The Musical Salvationist' will, we hope, be the means of its being sung and being made a blessing to many hearts.

The Instrumentalist's Page. Band-Inspector Hill provides on this page two more Marches for Trumpet or Bugle Bands. Those Marches which have appeared previously have been well taken up, and we feel sure these new pieces will be welcomed by many.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR JULY, 1918

Comments by Major Goldsmith

Keep on Believing. Our opening song is one which enjoyed a great popularity some years ago. When it first appeared it was arranged as a solo with pianoforte accompaniment. Now it is made available for Songster Brigades it should be taken up everywhere. No difficulty will be encountered in the arrangement and it should take but a little time to master the parts. In such a case as this it will be quite an easy matter to ensure the congregation joining the Brigade in singing the chorus.

The Soloist's Page. 'All for Jesus.' Adjutant Archie Burgess makes a further valuable contribution to our pages in the form of a solo, and has set it to some familiar verses. The compass is somewhat extended, and it will therefore require to be rendered by a Soloist who possesses a good range. When the song has been thoroughly mastered, it will make an acceptable item in a festival as well as on other occasions. Many comrades will know that the Adjutant is a good organist, and the accompaniment will prove this. It would be better, perhaps, if played on an organ than on a piano, and will well repay some amount of study.

The Bandsmen's Page. 'The portals of mercy.' An old favourite is here presented arranged in a simple, but effective manner for Male Voices. It will be quite possible for an average party to take this up and successfully render it. In a Salvation Meeting, if nicely sung, with due consideration given to the words, and some special treatment of the chorus, it should prove to be a valuable addition to the spiritual influences of the gathering.

The Songster's Section. 'How lovely are Thy dwellings!' Ensign H. Otway, who is well known to Bandsmen for his popular and effective marches, makes his first appearance as a song writer by the composition before us. We think our comrades will agree that the Ensign has made a good start, and that we may confidently expect more pieces from his pen in the near future. The verses chosen by the composer for illustration are very fine, and the music will certainly assist in making their power felt by the hearers. All is straightforward in the first verse, and should cause no trouble. Care will be needed to ensure the precise delivery of the rhythm of the second verse. It will be noticed that the *tempo* is a little slower and the expression somewhat intensified. This arrangement will give a bolder effect to the rendering, which will quite suit the character of the words. The part writing in the last verse is a little more elaborate, but not at all difficult. Let this verse be sung very boldly and with good tone. See that the various entries are clearly made, and at the *lento* make a good, solid ending.

The Better Fount. Deputy-Bandmaster Parfitt provides a good song in this item which should be widely taken up. The words will need to be carefully and clearly sung, especially in the melody, where a large number of slurs occur which are apt to make the enunciation a little blurred unless closely watched. There are no difficulties as far as the music is concerned and it should be possible to learn it speedily. A chorus in a popular vein is added which should take on well with both the Brigade and the congregation. Let there be plenty of movement and brightness in the singing.

Glorious Hope. The tune of this song was at one time very popular and its publication here should prove a welcome revival, now that we have Brigades which can do justice to the independent part work. Do not let the *tempo* be slower than the metronome indication, and let the singing be vigorous and hearty. It will be possible to sing this music to a number of songs as it is in common metre, and there are many parts of the country where a tune of this kind would be very much enjoyed for congregational use.

Trust our Faithful Lord. It will at once be seen that the words of this song have a special fitness for the present time, and Ensign S. Kyle, whom we are glad to welcome again after a long absence from our pages, has also provided a good setting to them. We think, therefore, that his song should become popular. Some amount of feeling should be imparted to the singing of the verses with close attention given to the marks of expression. The chorus must be sung cheerfully, the rhythm of the melody being well marked. It should be found that a congregation will soon pick up the chorus and be glad to sing it.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul. These very popular verses are once more requisitioned for a setting, which is a little out of the ordinary. The melody can be taken as a solo or by a group of voices, with the other voices acting as an accompaniment. If it is possible for the Brigade to keep in tune, it would be a good thing to dispense with the instrument when singing this arrangement, as then the value of the vocal accompaniment will tell best. The melody should be sung with some amount of freedom and the other voices must be taught to follow very close any alteration of *tempo* which may seem suitable.

The Returning Backslider. Songs upon this subject generally receive a good amount of attention because they are so generally useful and the one before us should, we think, become a favourite. The music is that of an old song-tune and will soon be mastered. When this is done many ways will suggest themselves in which it can be used. No difficulty will be found with the words which are easy to pronounce, and if they are clearly sung the sentiment of them should have a good effect upon the hearers.

'Time is Earnest.' This old tune has always been popular and it can be used to many other songs of 7's metre besides the one published here. The music needs to be sung boldly and clearly, and it will be of excellent service for open-air work.

The Instrumentalist's Page. Under the title 'Our Heroes' Captain Dalziel provides a stirring bugle march in three parts. Our Life-Saving Scout organizations will assuredly give this piece a warm reception.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR AUGUST, 1918

Comments by Major F. G. Hawkes

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices. The first item of this issue is characterized by great breadth and majesty, and if the music is sung with the requisite vigour and force the effect will be very fine. Care must be taken not to drag the *tempo*, and in this connexion we may be excused if we call attention to the time signature and the metronome mark. The unison section will prove very effective if the voices are properly blended and the subsequent concluding phrases in harmony will stand out well by way of contrast. Most Songster Brigades will, we think, make good use of this item.

The Soloist's Page. Under the title of 'Ah, yes, 'twas all for me' we have a very expressive and tender song in which the sufferings of our Lord for us is reviewed. Though calling for sympathetic treatment the music is very simple and the compass brings it within range of the ordinary voice as regards pitch. The accompaniment for piano is also very effectively written and if properly played this will prove of great assistance to the singer. Several little features of interest will be noticed here. If sung in a soulful manner this song will prove a great blessing.

The Women Songsters' Page. A very popular salvation song is here presented with a fresh arrangement, one that should prove very useful under present conditions when so many of our Songster Brigades are short of the necessary quota of men's voices to form a correct balance of parts. We are glad to hear that our Brigades are making such good use of these arrangements for equal voices, not only as specialities in Musical Meetings, but also in the ordinary Services of the Corps. Here is a song that after a little practice—for the arrangement is quite easy—can be put to good use in Salvation Meetings.

The Songsters' Section. Although much shorter than the usual first item appearing in this section, this piece will, we feel sure, prove quite as useful as many of its longer predecessors. While the music is quite straightforward and free from complications it will prove very interesting both in melody and harmony, and the use, in alternate verses, of the Full Brigade and Quartet also provides additional interest to the setting. If desired verses two and four could be taken a little slower than the indicated speed, reverting to the original *tempo* in the Refrain.

Come, Thou All-inspiring Spirit. To the song commencing with the above line—No. 368 in the Large Song Book—is joined a beautiful, yet quite simple tune by Beethoven. There is but one section in the whole piece that will give the slightest trouble: that immediately preceding the Chorus where we have a transition to the key of D flat. Although a somewhat distant modulation, this will not prove extremely difficult to sing after becoming acquainted with the mental effect. We consider the words fit in admirably with the sentiment of the music and this setting should be widely used. The Chorus could be quickly picked up by an audience.

Jesus is Coming Back Again. As suggested by the title this song deals with the second coming of our Lord. Like most of Captain Cox's compositions, the one now under review is also written in a straightforward and popular style. Although by no means a copy of our comrade's former pieces, in general style it bears some resemblance to its predecessors. This is particularly so with regard to the Chorus. As a rule the Captain's plan is to make a brief statement, reassert it, add a supplementary idea and, finally, repeat the original statement. This scheme has the advantage of conciseness, and the words are easily committed to memory.

My Guest. If sung with the requisite vigour and rhythmic swing this bright experience song will meet with much appreciation. Because of the straightforward nature of the music it can be taken up by the average Brigade, and, in the majority of cases, it will not demand much time in preparation for a public rendering. The Chorus can be easily taught and would be readily taken up by an audience after a little effort to teach it.

The Lord's Command. Our old friend Harry Davis supplies the words of this Song. It would be interesting, by the way, to learn how many songs this prolific writer has contributed to Army periodicals. His first song: 'Jesus, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my soul' appeared in 'The War Cry' of January, 1880, and since that date probably several hundreds have been published, and, in addition, a large number still remain in manuscript. In this case the music is supplied by his son-in-law, Bandmaster Sherriff, of Balham, now on military service. It is of a stirring, martial nature and will sound well when rendered by a full Brigade.

The Young People's Page. The attention of all who are interested in musical work among Young People is especially directed to this item, as here we have one of the most important pieces that have appeared in this particular section of our Magazine. We are frequently asked to provide something on a more ambitious plan than we have hitherto supplied and while we do not think it wise to tax our young folks unduly or expect too much in the way of technical equipment, we think there are many Corps to-day where musical capacity is quite equal to the demands of this particular item. That it will 'take on' if adequately rendered we have no doubt. We would, however, suggest that the teaching of the music be done in a most thorough fashion and that public presentation be deferred until the music is fully mastered. As will be seen by the arrangement a good pianist is essential. We shall watch with interest the reception accorded to this piece, and if appreciated and found practicable and useful doubtless others on a similar scale will follow. Perhaps those responsible for musical activities in our Young People's Work will let us have their reports and opinions.

We suggest that in addition to its use as a vocal item the music may prove suitable for use in connexion with certain drills and other physical exercises.

I Love to Tell the Story. An old favourite—a companion to 'Tell me the old, old story' and by the same author—appears on the final page. While not usually classed as a Y.P. Song, this may also be appropriately used in Y.P. Meetings. It will be seen therefore that this issue is of special interest to the above-mentioned section of Salvation Army operations.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR SEPTEMBER, 1918

Comments by Major Goldsmith

Christ Is Sufficient. Commandant Coller and Brigadier Bondam of Holland are the authors of the words and music of the first item of this number, and together they have produced a song which should take on. It will be noticed that the verse in is the minor mode, and the words have a character which accords with it, while the chorus, in the parallel major key, is to be taken in a quicker and brighter style. All Brigades could effectively deal with a piece of this description, and if well sung, it would make a valuable item in a festival.

The Soloist's Page. 'Unmeasured Love.' This solo will prove to be of exceptional interest seeing that it is practically the last composition of Bandsman P. Swinfen, who was recently so suddenly promoted to Glory. The words are by an Officer who was a fellow Bandsmen with our comrade at the Congress Hall. The melody of the solo is quite out of the ordinary and these should be well studied before bringing it out in public. The words and music are well suited to one another, and, given a Soloist in full sympathy with the sentiment of the song, it should make a powerful impression when well rendered.

The Bandsmen's Page. 'A place in The Army for all.' There are many who joined in the singing of this fine old war song in years gone by who will rejoice at its being republished, and be glad to hear it given a hearty revival. Vigour and strength must characterize the rendering, and as there is nothing involved in the part writing, every opportunity is given for this to be realized. While it is quite available for a small party such as a quartet or octet, the song would sound much better if it were rendered by the whole Band. In fact, the larger the party of vocalists the more martial and stirring will be the rendition.

The Songsters' Section. 'Exalt Him!' Under this title we have a fine song which will be found very suitable for the Harvest Festival gatherings. The first eight bars is for full chorus and must be confidently rendered, and is followed at A by the Trebles and Altos in duet. Notice how the Male voices enter two bars before the repeat. At B we have a section which opens with a unison in G minor. See that the *stacatto* notes here are not sung in a toneless manner. Another duet occurs at C, which may be taken by Male or Female voices. If it is possible to have the former it would make an effective contrast. Note also here that the duet breaks off three bars from the close and the Full Brigade is employed We return to the opening passage, with a slightly altered arrangement at D, and a little more vigour should be infused into the rendition. Again the relative minor appears in the *andante* section at letter E. A good deal should be made of this strain as it affords a welcome break in the otherwise monotonous *tempo*. The final section from F should be characterized by considerable boldness and strength. There are a number of independent entries which must be clearly and distinctly made, and the whole leads on to a fine coda, marked *con forza*, which makes a most effective finish. All through the music is clear and free from complications; this will enable the song to be quickly learnt, and cause it to be sung without undue strain. There must be few Brigades unable to give such a piece as this a satisfactory rendering.

Yes, for Me. Under this title we have a simple though effective song by Brigadier Playle. Many occasions will arise on which a song such as this will prove to be extremely useful, and if care is exercised in distinctly pronouncing the words, it should have a marked effect upon the listeners. Do not take the chorus beyond the indicated *tempo*, although there should be plenty of movement in the rendering.

Tenderly Bending. The name of the writer of the music of this item is now quite familiar to our readers, but this is the first time, we think, that the name of Mrs. Kent has appeared as the writer of a set of words, and we tender to her a cordial welcome to our pages. Some amount of practice will be necessary to get the best out of this piece, for such reasons as the time of the verse, which often presents a little difficulty to some of our singers, and the answering character of the music allotted to the Basses and Tenors, which must be carefully inserted. Nothing about the song can be described as hard to learn or sing, and when it is properly mastered it should become very useful.

The Land of Glory. Another well-known name appears at the head of this song, which, we feel sure, will be widely taken up by Brigades. It is a song of brightness and energy, and has a message for the present time. Most of our singing combinations could effectively use it, for it will be so easily learnt and should go with a good swing.

Sing of the Lamb. Here we have a song much after the style of the one previously noted, and it is also by one of our constant contributors. It is simple and straightforward, easy to learn, and involves no strain in the singing, and therefore, like many other pieces in this number, likely to have a wide popularity. We commend it to the notice of all classes of Brigades.

Why Not? An opportunity is given in the song before us for what is known as *rubato* rendering. A series of questions is addressed to the sinner, and those Brigades which can vary the time at which they sing, so as to make these tell in the best manner, will make the song the most powerful in its effect. A song such as this, if well and prayerfully rendered, can be of the greatest service in a Salvation Meeting, and no Brigade should pass it by without careful consideration.

The Young People's Page. 'Lead the children to Jesus.' Our very old friend, Alec Greig, provides in this number a valuable song for the Young People, which should commend itself to this section of the Corps. It will be found quite easy to learn and to sing, and, for such occasions as when the children take a special part in the Senior Meetings, it will form an acceptable part of the song material used.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR OCTOBER, 1918

Comments by Major F. G. Hawkes

Jesus is Passing By. This number opens with a very direct and effective song of invitation such as can be put to good use in Salvation Meetings. The air, though easy, is very melodious and will speedily win favour with both singers and hearers. Very little exertion is demanded in its rendering, as the music lies in an easy register and flows on in a very natural and graceful manner. It is a song for the average Brigade, as practically no technical difficulties are met with, but the music should be sung with sincerity and heartfelt emotion, so as to force home the message of the song to the hearts of the hearers.

The Soloist's Page. 'The Flag.' The large number of songs that have been written on the 'Army Flag' provide us with striking evidence as to its symbolical significance and the hold it has on the mind and hearts of Salvationists all over the world. Indeed it is both loved and venerated universally. We cannot too frequently remind ourselves of the important spiritual truths it represents, hence the public use of such songs as this can be made to minister to a direct spiritual purpose. The music of this piece, although for the greater part in the minor key, is of a very spirited and martial nature and should be rendered in a vigorous manner. The chromatic notes in the final phrases may call for special attention at first, but should not occasion much difficulty. The Chorus is arranged for the Full Brigade.

The Women Songsters' Page. 'Jesus Lives with Me.' An old favourite which was originally published in Salvation Music, Volume II, is here re-issued arranged for Female Voices. The music is of a bright, catchy nature, and if sung with the necessary spirit will prove very acceptable. As all is quite easy the music will not demand much time for preparation for public use.

The Songsters' Section. 'The Story that brought me to tears,' is the title of the initial item in this section, the author being Songster-Leader Cooke, of Lewisham. While this piece is a little longer than the ordinary song there is no complication as regards form, as it consists of the two usual sections of the song form, viz., verse and chorus. The arrangement, too, is free from all complication and, while the harmony is of a chromatic nature here and there, it will prove quite easy to sing. Give due attention to expression and follow closely the various dynamic signs. Several features of interest will be noticed in the chorus, and if these are properly treated this section will prove very effective. We hope this song will receive all the attention it deserves, as it is certain it will accomplish much good if properly rendered.

Leaning on Jesus. The first of Band-Sergeant Alec Greig's songs to appear in 'The Musical Salvationist' was 'Trusting Jesus Now,' which appeared in the August, 1889, issue. Between that date and the present our comrade has been a constant contributor to our pages, and in addition has had a large number of songs published in other Army periodicals. That the fount of inspiration is not yet dry is evidenced by the fact that the Band Sergeant still produces original compositions much quicker than we are able to publish them. This, his latest published piece, will, we believe, be well received and do useful service. It is quite easy and therefore available for use by the average Brigade.

Sounds of Salvation. Like the former this piece also is suitable for general use by the average Songster Brigade. The arrangement is laid out on straightforward lines and the music flows on in a natural and easy manner. The Chorus should catch on and become a favourite, as it possesses several features that make for popularity. In order to secure the necessary rhythmic lilt the speed should be kept well up to the metronome mark.

The Gift of God. The author, Lieut.-Colonel Cloud, here deals with several aspects of God's great gift to man in the person of our Saviour and the inestimable privileges that come to us as a result of our Lord's atonement. This song will prove useful in Holiness Meetings and has already been used with good effect in the Central Holiness Meetings at Birmingham. The Chorus could be quickly taught to an audience as it is both short and simple.

Oh, Touch Me Once Again. Here we have a song which expresses fervent aspiration and earnest entreaty for power for service. The title is rather suggestive of another very much used Salvation Army song 'Oh, touch me again, Lord,' but whereas the burden of that song is a prayer for healing, the central idea of this is a prayer for power for service. Like the song above referred to we believe this will become widely used and made a means of much blessing.

Sing of that Beautiful Land. We have here a very tender, expressive song about Heaven. The writer has now reached that stage of life when, by reason of advancing years, opportunities for active service are somewhat limited. Under these circumstances it is but natural that thoughts of the heavenly country should now claim a large share of her thoughts and attention. Here we have some of the fruits of her contemplation and we believe much blessing will come if this song is sung in the right spirit.

On to the Conflict. This old War song has already done good service for many years and now that it makes its appearance in a Vocal form we feel sure it will receive a very hearty welcome. Sing it in a bold, confident spirit, and, although well known, it will take on and help to stir up the hearers to vigorous action in spiritual warfare.

The Young People's Page. Under the title of 'Nature's Song and Ours' Major Turner supplies us with a fine song for use among Young People. The melody is the work of Bandsman Gray, and our comrade seems to have very successfully caught the rhythm and spirit of the words. As a consequence we have a piece that is worthy of universal attention and use.

THE MUSICAL SALVATIONIST FOR NOVEMBER, 1918

Comments by Major Goldsmith

Jesus, my Friend and Helper. We commence this month with a song which contains all the elements of popularity and it should speedily take on. The arrangement of the verse for equal voices should commend itself, and will be found quite easy to sing. The chorus will go well, and the Brigade will undoubtedly be joined by the congregation after they have once heard it.

The Soloist's Page. Major Tracy has given us a sympathetic setting of the old Italian song 'Ave Sanctissima,' in this item, which can be used either as a solo or duet, and will be found equally suitable for Male or Female voices. It should be sung in a simple and unaffected manner, and if so rendered it will be acceptable in almost any Meeting. If all the Female voices join the principals in repeating the chorus, it would make a nice effect.

The Women Songsters' Page. Quite an important piece is given in this section, and equal voice parties will find here a song which will well repay some amount of study and practice. The opening exclamations, as well as where these words occur in other parts of the composition, must be sung with abandon and force. It will be noted that the quaver is the standard of beat, and at the *a tempo* the metronome mark must not be exceeded. The words are so well known that all the attention can be devoted to getting the music well mastered. Attack the little passage in C major eight bars from *fine* with confidence, and do not attempt to take the high A until the last time. In the second part the various sections should thoroughly learn their parts in order that no breaks should be observed. The pianoforte accompaniment is not difficult and should be played in a manner which will assist the vocalists.

The Songsters' Section. 'Love Triumphant.' In this number Enoch Kent supplies a good song which should be taken up by most of our Brigades. The subject treated is one which can never be exhausted, and the music will well repay the Brigade for the time and trouble spent in mastering it. There are a number of features which will require some study, and, like the verses, are somewhat uncommon. They will, however, sound well if properly treated. See that the words are clearly heard and keep the time well up to the metronome mark. Let the moving parts at the ends of the phrases be smoothly sung, and infuse into the chorus boldness and vigour.

Never Lose Heart. A popular style characterizes this piece, by a new writer, which should cause it to be sung by practically every Brigade. The verse is hymn like in style, and could be used alone to any song with the same metre as 'Abide with me,' or 'Hark, hark my soul.' There is a swing about the chorus which will commend itself to both Brigade and congregation and we expect to hear it wherever we go. It has just the message for the present days.

Baptize me with Thy Holy Fire. Bandmaster Marshall of South Shields (whom we are sorry to say is still seriously ill) has joined forces with a member of the Bristol Divisional Songsters in producing a fine devotional song which should enhance the reputation of both comrades. It must be rendered with considerable expression and the chorus must be taken at the same *tempo* as the verse. If thought is put into the practising of this item, as well as into its rendition in public, it should prove to be a vehicle of blessing to the singers and the listeners. The melody of the chorus is so simple that no trouble should be experienced in teaching it to a congregation.

All that Pass by. Brigadier Slater provides some good music to a well known hymn by Wesley. This will be found easy to sing and should make an appreciated item in a Salvation Meeting. Have the words well learned before singing the song in public. So many songs are given a good rendering for the first verse, but the others are often not so well sung because of unfamiliarity with the words.

The Heavenly Theme. An old fashioned hymn tune is here joined to some words by Dr. Watts. A piece of this description is much appreciated in certain parts of the country, and we anticipate that it will be given a warm reception. Other songs in common metre could be used to the same music, and it might easily be used congregationally if trouble is taken to teach it.

Wound-Marks. Adjutant Bentley has supplied a telling song under this title, and we think that all Brigades should study it thoroughly and use it frequently. There is nothing difficult in the music, but a song of this kind depends a great deal upon the feeling and sentiment put into the rendition of it by the vocalists. If the words are read over once or twice before commencing to practise it, we think that more care and expression will result. The *tempo* is slow, and is reduced at the eighth bar. Clearly enunciate the words of the verses. In the chorus make a good deal of the first two bars. Notice how the expression rises and falls over each statement and seek to interpret the idea suggested.

Witnesses for Jesus. This song has one or two unusual features in it, but it will be found quite easy to learn. Notice that in order to save space the words have been set under the bass stave in the second half of the verse. This should occasion no difficulty for the upper voices who enter after the others and therefore will have ample time to look below for their words. The Basses and Tenors must well mark their parts here, but should not make it hard for the upper voices to be clearly heard. All Brigades should be able to manage this song, and the music could also be used with most songs marked 'u' in the index of the song book.

The Young People's Page. We have here a spirited Life-Saving Guards' song, the words of which have been specially written by Assistant Guard-Leader House, who should certainly know what is required for this section of the Young People's work. The special point made in the last verse of the privilege given to 'speak or sing or pray,' as well as doing the other necessary duties, is worth noting. It will be obvious that by merely changing the words 'Girls' Life-Saving Guards,' the Scouts could also use this piece.

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